

THE ACADEMY

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Notes of the Week

WE drew attention some months ago to the impropriety of the management of the Pavilion Music Hall letting their licensed premises for meetings of frenzied law-breakers, and we understood that it had been definitely decided to refuse permission for the holding of such meetings in the future. It appears from the proceedings of the present week that the line of policy which we believed the directors had adopted has been departed from. We again invite the attention of the licensing authorities to the misuse which is being made of this place of "entertainment." It is a scandal that ordinary law-abiding citizens should have vomited forth upon them crowds of hysterical and, we think, temporarily insane women who convert a fine thoroughfare of the West End into a disgusting and disgraceful bear-garden.

We wish our attitude as regards women exercising the Parliamentary vote to be clearly understood. It is this: We should entirely approve, and we always have approved of women possessing property and endowed with culture and refinement exercising the Parliamentary vote if they desire to do so. It is absolutely wrong and indefensible, in our opinion—especially in view of the wide extension of the franchise to illiterate and eminently undesirable men and the anomaly of the Service vote—to refuse to enfranchise women such as we have referred to.

There are, however, two considerations which must be weighed in the balance. Women do not largely exercise the franchise which they already possess, and, further, the country is afflicted with bartering politicians, who are promising to sell it for a mess of potage—in the guise of Manhood Suffrage. Those politicians, whom we hope and think we shall—for the time being—soon be delivered from, are sure to return later

on, and to work out their evil designs. Those who know are aware that in those days—unless some merciful cataclysm occurs—manhood and womanhood suffrage will march hand in hand, and the dregs of the population will govern the country. We support the claim of certain women to the Parliamentary vote now, and we postpone the dangers of the future for treatment as they arise. Incidentally we should like to call the attention of the authorities to the renewed activity at the Kingsway headquarters of the malignants, and to suggest that the Augean stable there should again be cleansed by a raid of Herculean policemen.

Considerable fuss is being made in certain journalistic quarters over the career of an inoffensive infant known, we believe, by the name of "Eugnette," the daughter of a pair of amiable enthusiasts who are bringing her up, with the aid of a sententious nurse suffering from a tendency to epigram, on principles known as "eugenic." We have no objection to babies being reared upside-down, if the parents, the baby, and the police do not mind; what we do object to is the number of columns of sheer nonsense written about this particular child. She is "a little human being who has learned in earliest infancy that life is beautiful and worth while"; she "blinked, like the grown-ups," when a flash-light photograph was taken; "she cries," says her mother, "when the sharp air of Parliament Hill makes her hungry before her time; but it is a healthy British cry for food." Astounding, extraordinary child! It makes us feel ill. To what blank depths of banality will not the modern journalist cheerfully descend!

We fear that the "representative" of a well-known journal who interviewed a "well-known hygienist" last week, and extracted from him the tremendous statement that Londoners do not walk enough, was paragraph-making. The recent walk to Brighton "will, it is believed, have inaugurated a boom in pedestrianism similar to that of a few years ago." We commend the verbs of this sentence to M. Adolphe Bernon's care, and beg to remark that the walk to Brighton will not do anything of the sort. The "well-known hygienist" says that "a walk to business in the morning, or from the office to one's home every evening, will most certainly enable one to work better and with less effort, and will improve the appetite." The spectacle of the roads to Epping, St. Albans, Harrow, Kingston, and other country towns which are now practically residential suburbs, crowded with muscular, energetic business men strolling up to the City after breakfast, or hurrying back to dinner, would be an inspiring one; but not yet will the revolution in favour of foot-travel take place. The omnibus and tube companies know human nature; the more frequently the trains and 'buses run, the more often they will be used.

Traveller's Joy

TRAVEL in these days not only annihilates distance as computable from the time spent in traversing it, but robs us of its realisation from impressions of gradual change in the way of Nature's manifestations, or of man's varying methods of fulfilling his destiny among them. Hardly have we escaped the hypnotic dilation of those searching eyes that revolve on the pier-heads at Dover, hardly have we set out to furrow anew a milky track in the dark waters, than, lifting somnolent lids from the enshrouding hollow of a deck-chair, we are discovered at Calais jetty by other moving fingers of light that neither halt nor hurry in their night-long message to the toilers of the sea. Touts ply us with pillows and rugs, lest on the way to Paris we should catch even an owl's glimpse of the new land we are passing through. Thus we may now travel round the world, without getting more wisdom or knowledge from the adventure than may be had haphazard at a station where the train halts or a wrangle over contraband at the seat of custom.

The fuller one's purse the more strictly will he be forbidden to taste the foreign flavour or to move among an alien people as one of themselves. No waiter in a first-class hotel but speaks English, and no first-class hotel but derives its prestige from its ability to please the English or American visitor by the degree in which it can cater for him without hindering the even tenor of his native ways. So, too, the increased speed, comfort, and cheapness of modern travel have robbed us of that sense of wonder which is the pilgrim's star, and rendered us incurious. What passenger by the night train from London to Edinburgh gives a glance at the monster that is to draw him thither, or, as he draws the black night-cap over the luminous bulb above his head and settles into his well-cushioned corner, spares one thought for the labours of Stephenson in the early days of the century gone by? How many lovers of the Riviera, of "Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth," as they hasten across the estranging sea, take a stroll to the lower deck of the boat, for a moment's marvelling at the perfectly controlled, inexorable threshing of her triple turbines? A good sailor, snug in his cabin, may well forget that he is passing riskily on an element that will swallow up his track as soon as made, unless he glimpses in the chance blinking of an eye-lid the white fringe of wrathful spume that goes wavering across the round pane of his clenched port-hole.

For ourselves, we like to do all these things that the modern traveller so often marks by avoidance, to pursue them with an eager curiosity and to enjoy them with a

leisurely relish. We know the pleasure of chatting with the stout men in blue jerseys who have our boat in charge; of making a furtive raid into the baggage-hold and starting on trains of wild surmise as to each bag's possessor and past voyaging, of picking up an acquaintance with our young French neighbour who shyly confesses to speaking English a "leetle." We know, too, the glad keenness of sensation that follows our first footsteps on the Paris flags, when fresh from the night train at 5.30 on a fair morning of autumn; when the poor vagabonds are stretching and yawning on the benches under the ranks of polled aspens that line the boulevards; when the clipped and barbered mongrels are snuffing by the side of rag-pickers among the rubbish bins, and the occasional rubber-tyred victorias spin by noiselessly but for the bell that tinkles beneath the neck of each ambling steed, stirring a memory of the muffin-man or of Alpine herds, as the whim may lead us. Along the Seine, ere those fascinating second-hand booksellers have thrown back the lids of their lockers beneath the shadow of Notre Dame, we may watch a file of linked barges trail a maze of strange wrinkles on the stream, or pass a couple of work-mates in voluminous bag-trousers of corduroy. "J'ai raison," says one, and launches into voluble proof of it. "I am right," John Bull would say, adding but little to the assertion; and, pondering on these phrases, the first concerned with justification by proper sequence of ideas, and the second with morality in being, we smile at thus happening on a clue to the whole difference in psychology between two peoples.

Still happier we if our paths should lead us, far from the capital, among the wide and hedgeless fields tilled by the French peasant, that patient, industrious, and companionable gentleman whose frugality and clean living are so markedly opposed to some current notions of French life as gleaned from its gutter Press and possible hasty visits, along with a crowd of other foreign onlookers, to such resorts as the *Moulin Rouge*. A man is gulled both of his money and of his wisdom who takes such an experience as staple food for his reflections.

Let us travel little but travel well, content to cultivate a tiny plot of foreign soil and its dwellers, and to be at ease among them, rather than to stare and gape hurriedly between welcomes and good-byes, with temper ruffled and judgment unbalanced by a daring unseemliness and extravagance thrust upon us by wily exploiters of the tender-foots of travel. Such spectacles have as little in common with the normal life of our quondam neighbours as they have with our own.

W. T.

A Problem of Latter-Day Mineralogy

TO WHAT EXTENT ARE MINERALS SENSITIVE?

BY PROFESSOR F. T. DEL MARMOL

RECENTLY the iron and steel kings of the world held a congress at Brussels. Its power was modestly concealed under the name of the Iron and Steel Institute. Before this, in 1911, at Brussels, the monarchs of the mineral world, including Mr. Schwab and Mr. Gary of the United States, Sir Hugh Bell of Great Britain, and M. A. Drieux of France, had decided to lay the foundation of an international association of iron and steel manufacturers which might reduce within reasonable limits the enormous excess of iron and steel then produced in relation to the demand. The committee, known as the Comptoir, has practically annihilated competition and established the most gigantic business combination the world has ever seen.

The proceedings of the recent Congress were secret, but an official report has since been published in London. Most of the business was of a technical character, but both scientists and the general public have been forced to give a more close consideration to the question of the relations between the mineral and the vegetable kingdoms. Just as there is no absolute line of demarcation between the animal and vegetable realms, so the difference between vegetable and mineral becomes indistinct when subjected to a severe scrutiny, especially as regards the spontaneous growth of certain mineral cells, as shown in the plates of the recent monumental work "La Vie des Minéraux," by Dr. Jules Felix, former Rector of the University of Brussels; the osmotic phenomena to be found accompanying some of these growths, the nearly identical aspect presented by certain mineral crystallisations and some vegetable forms, and finally certain manifestations of divers metals, seem to point to some kind of sensibility.

The statement that the diamond and other precious stones are living beings would cause the average man to wonder if the person making such a statement could possibly be in his right mind. And yet so far as molecular sensibility is concerned, the statement is true.

It is well known that the appearance of some of these stones changes according to the physical and nervous state of the person wearing them. Pearls and opals are thus susceptible, and so, frequently, are turquoises. A case has been mentioned in the Press of a ruby which became gradually paler during the illness of its owner, and which ended by losing its colour altogether. Not only do they lose colour and brilliance, but they die like flowers, although the length of their life is much greater, some of them living for many hundred years.

Jewellers know these things well, for there are few who have not found it out from sad experience. From one of them the writer heard the following curious story:—A lady bought from him a beautiful pearl

necklace. Two months afterwards the pearls began to lose their lustre, and the lady's husband complained to the jeweller. The latter replied: "It is not my fault, I swear to you. Let your servant wear the necklace a few weeks, and if the pearls do not recover I will return your money." Within three days the pearls were as beautiful as before, thanks to the contact with the healthy and robust body of the maid.

Of course, we are concerned with unconscious molecular sensibility. If we have been unable to admit consciousness in vegetables, not even in the most sensitive ones, still less can we admit its existence in minerals. What has been proved, by different experiments, especially by those of Bordett, Metchnikoff and Pfeffer, is that the attraction and repulsion of monocular organisms, by physical agents, whether of mineral substances, or whether of organic matter, are produced in a way absolutely identical with the physico-chemical affinities presented by mineral bodies.

On the other hand, many naturalists, and especially the Mexican Professor Alfonso Herrera, have shown how faint are the borders which separate inorganic from living matter. The French scientist M. Mahoudeau, in a masterly study, published in the *Revue de L'Ecole d'Anthropologie*, even questions whether such limits existed, whether they are aught but a simple conventionalism adopted to facilitate classification. According to him, there may be, here, as in all natural things, a total absence of precise demarcation, as well as reciprocal penetration of the two modalities of matter, one mineral, the other organic. This once recognised, it is not surprising that identical phenomena should be produced in substances which are supposed to be inanimate as well as in those recognised as animated, and there is no reason for viewing with distrust the surprising experiments which prove the existence of spontaneous and sensitive manifestations in what we regard as inert matter.

However paradoxical it may appear to admit life, even in its most elementary form, in things so little animated as the metals, the facts brush aside, brutally if you will, our little theories and prejudices.

"Interesting experiments," says Professor Mahoudeau, "allow us to maintain that the metals possess, to a certain degree, faintly, but none the less surely, a form of sensibility and a possibility of movement corresponding to that sensibility. The metals are susceptible of *feeling fatigue and showing it.*" The italics are mine.

Moreover, Professor Mahoudeau gives numerous examples of experiments which show that the tired metal recovers after rest, just as we repair our exhausted forces by sleep. He quotes the late Lord Kelvin, who observed that metal wires submitted in the factories to repeated vibrations work very differently after a short rest: on Monday, for instance, as compared with the previous Saturday. Afterwards he mentions the experiments of the Franklin Institute in America, which show that repeated movements weaken the metals; but that, after a short interval of repose, they resume their primitive resistance, showing clearly

that bodies we are accustomed to considering as insensible can become tired.

The American review, *Mines and Minerals*, once stated that a repairing movement, a natural tendency to molecular aggregation, ought to be considered as an elemental phenomenon of inanimate bodies.

Sir William Ramsay, with the aid of the electro-scope, made some remarkable experiments, by means of which he proved conclusively that, after having suffered the influence of heat, the metals temporarily lose a great part of their faculty of radio-active emission.

Light produces the same effect, but in a much less accentuated manner, although the experiment be performed with a luminous focus incapable of appreciably raising the temperature.

In both cases Sir William observed that metals capable of manifesting their radio-activity by communicating nearly instantaneous discharges to an electrometer, slowly went on losing this property, after prolonged exposure to the calorific or luminous rays of a sufficiently intense focus.

Coinciding with the ideas previously put forward by Professor Mahoudeau, the chemist, Mr. Spencer, a collaborator of Sir W. Ramsay, proposed the name of "metal-fatigue" for this phenomenon. He attributes this fatigue to a modification of the equilibrium of the atomic elements of their surface, caused by the loss of a certain number of material units or electrons, produced by the disintegration of matter.

To sum up, the beings which belong to the mineral kingdom are undoubtedly lacking in conscious or even perceptible sensibility; but that does not mean that they must be considered as absolutely inert bodies; much less so after the remarkable experiments of Herrera, Leduc, Burke, the brothers Albert and Alexandre Mary, and above all of Dr. Charlton Bastian, who have all proved that artificial cells spontaneously generated in mineral solutions multiply, die, and present curious analogies with vegetable and animal cells. Those produced by Leduc absorb sugar, albuminoids, and other substances, performing, moreover, their functions of nutrition in accordance with the laws of osmosis. Those obtained by Dr. Charlton Bastian are, in the writer's humble opinion, real living beings: in any case, they behave absolutely as such.

Dealing with these important results, Professor Jules Felix, in an inaugural address at the University of Brussels, considered them as a proof of universal harmony, making clear that all beings in the Cosmos, from the lower minerals to the higher animals, from our small earth to the biggest stars, from the comet to the nebula, are, first of all, molecular combinations, perpetually transformed, of eternal matter, governed, every one of them, by the majestic law of universal gravitation. Professor Felix goes on, indeed, to suggest the possibility even of intelligence in minerals. Let us quote his own words:—

Puisque tous les phénomènes physico-chimiques qui se passent dans leur protoplasme sont en tous

points analogues à ceux du protoplasme organique des végétaux et des animaux, pourquoi ne serait-on pas autorisé à admettre que les minéraux vivent de la même façon? Et s'ils vivent, pourquoi n'auraient-ils pas leurs sensations, leurs sentiments, leur intelligence?

In quoting Professor Jules Felix, it should be noted that I am not defending his position, with which, indeed, I am, at any rate on this point, largely in disagreement, any more than I completely agree with either the position taken up by Strindberg on the "cerebrality" of plants, or with the arguments—some very convincing, but others quite erroneous—by which he reaches that position. Besides, when a writer deals with such kinds of problems, quite unsolved, in which speculations and even prejudices play necessarily an important part, like Sensitiveness of Plants or Minerals, or Man's Place in the Universe, Life after Death, etc., it is obvious that his object is to explain to the general reader the different, sometimes curious, positions taken by some distinguished thinkers, but without the pretension of reaching on such problems conclusions of any real scientific value.

The Seaside Spirit

THE development of the summer holiday by the sea awaits its historian. It is, when we come to think of it, an essentially popular taste. Royalty and the world of fashion have done little or nothing to encourage it. From early times their patronage has been given rather to inland spas at home and abroad, to the fashionable "waters" of Germany and France, to the winter resorts on the north littoral of the Mediterranean, and to other centres of attraction still farther afield. Our own Royal Family has, with a few historic exceptions, shown little fondness for the seaside, which, with its glare and turmoil, may possibly not afford the complete rest from pomp and pageant reasonably required by our rulers. The late King, it is true, paid occasional unofficial visits to Brighton, but not since the reign of George III have we been inspired by the spectacle of the sovereign disporting himself in the surf at Weymouth to the strains of a band of fiddlers. The popularity of Brighton under his successor rested on attractions distinct from sea-bathing, and the much earlier vogue of Scarborough, which we gather from that comedy of Sheridan's that so strangely recalls Vanbrugh's "Relapse," owed nothing to any patronage higher than that of the honest Yorkshire burghers and farmers who went there for the sake of the renowned chalybeate springs.

The modern craze for a month by the sea has, no doubt, as exploited by Hood, with satire free from malice, its vulgar side; but, over and above force of habit or tyranny of fashion, it suggests the fulfilment of a higher instinct. Biologists tell us that the sea is

the cradle of life, and so we see in this migration to the coast a kind of second childhood, a call of the blood that draws the jaded men of cities back to the birthplace of the species, if only for a little respite from the smirch and smoke of towns. This craving goes back much further than the overseas ancestry of so many who call themselves Englishmen, and is no racial impulse of Huguenot, Norman, or Viking.

It is essentially a healthy taste. Not even the impolite revelry of trippers on the sands, not the somewhat fatuous performances of Pierrot or Ethiopian, not the inevitable wrangle with grasping landladies can wholly vulgarise this sublime return to Nature. For here is the sea, the eternal, brooding sea, lovable in its calm and terrible in its wrath, and those who live beside it, if only for a month, return to the petty fretfulness of their daily life, to the crowded streets and stagnant suburbs, the better for the change.

The seaside outing is primarily, however, the children's elysium, and none benefit by it more than the little folk, happy and barelegged, who dig castles in the sand or catch prawns among the rocks, filling their lungs with ozone and letting the sun make gipsies of them. It is a glorious time, the goal of every thought once Easter is gone, and remembered with none of the morbid regret that will be their portion when childhood is no more. Faddists may rant against the hygienic heresy of paddling. Only the most delicate need be debarred from such frolic.

It is because of its break with everyday habits that the seaside holiday exercises its wonderful fascination for old and young alike. Even those precluded by health or inclination from the daily bathe, or from sailing or fishing, should deliberately make some change in their daily routine, even if this should amount only to reading a different newspaper and wearing different clothes. Change in habits and surroundings is the real secret of full enjoyment of the seaside holiday. True, our watering-places have so far been sadly behind those of the Continent in providing distraction for such as neither fish nor play golf. Yet there are hopeful signs of improvement, and, with the local authorities taking a more intelligent view of their obligations, we may hope to see some provision of music and other light attractions. This is a better basis of popularity than that of sordid hazard exploited at the vast majority of Continental resorts. Such entertainment may ensure a cosmopolitan patronage, but it is devoutly to be hoped that such mercetricious bidding for the patronage of gamblers may never find our local authorities complaisant. The rooms at Monte Carlo are a glaring outrage on one of the loveliest coast scenes in all the world.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, editor of the *Daily News and Leader*, has revised and prepared for publication a number of his well-known sketches of men and women of the day. The book, which will be called "Pillars of Society," and will contain more than forty portraits, is issued by Messrs. Nisbet this week.

REVIEWS

The Procession of the Muse—III

The Hand in the Dark, and Other Poems. By ADA CAMBRIDGE. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

John in Prison, and Other Poems. By E. J. THOMPSON. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

England's Garland. By GEORGE BARTRAM. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Dilettante, and Other Poems. By A. G. SHIRREFF, I.C.S. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. 6d. net.)

The Wayside Altar. By GILBERT THOMAS. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)

Moth-Wings (Ailes d'Alouette). By FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

Poems. By DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY. (George Newnes. 5s. net.)

PERSEVERANCE sometimes brings its reward, even in a book of verse. "The Hand in the Dark" is a rather incoherent, diffuse, and wearisome effort; but the "Other Poems" are much more satisfactory. They reveal a sensitive and thoughtful nature, which has been wont, in weathering life's experiences, to probe beneath the surface of things; a heart which has known the sacrificial secret of bearing the world's sorrow, and, loving truth, has been lacerated by every triumph of untruth. These evidences are seen to best advantage in "The Watchman and the Night," a double poem of striking merit; "The Fieldfares and the Lighthouse," also two-fold, which makes skilful parabolic use of an incident in the migratory flight of the birds; "Mirage," "Sic Vos Non Vobis," and certain of the sonnets at the end of the book. In some others, notably "On Australian Hills," there is considerable power of pastoral description. But the author never strikes a truer vein of emotional poetry than in the three poems she has grouped together under the general heading, "Motherhood." One is dumb before the tragic intensity of lines like these:—

Every wild she-bird has nest and mate in the warm April
weather,
But a captive woman, made for love, no mate, no nest,
has she.
In the spring of young desire, young men and maids are
wed together,
And the happy mothers flaunt their bliss for all the world
to see.
Nature's sacramental feast for them—an empty board for
me.

Time, that heals so many sorrows, keeps mine ever-freshly
aching,
Though my face is growing furrowed and my brown hair
turning white.
Still I mourn my irremediable loss, asleep or waking;
Still I hear my son's voice calling "Mother" in the dead
of night,
And am haunted by my girl's eyes that will never see
the light.

The final sonnet is dated 1887. If that is an index, this should be a circumspect selection.

Mr. Thompson has his "Hesperides" and his "Noble Numbers," and from a poetical standpoint we prefer the "Hesperides." The little "Masque of May," with its Shakespearean comedy-passages between Friar Tuck and Much the Miller's Son, is very delightful, though surely the author would have been well advised, in preparing the masque for publication, to have purged it of a few hoary jests, instead of being put to the painful necessity of apologising for them. For the most part, however, there is a greater freedom and originality in the earlier pieces than in the "Salvators," as they are curiously called. "The Wander Maiden," "Curfew Bell," "Sir Ralph," and "The Runaway" cannot be matched for charm and freshness among the verses of the latter group. The two lengthiest poems, "John in Prison," and "Pheidippides," are, together with a sonnet which is a sort of proëm to the former, grouped as "Nazarenics." "John in Prison," which is in blank verse, narrates an imaginary incident wherein a vision of Christ appears to the Baptist in Machærus, strengthening him for his martyrdom. It has dignity and vigour, but is not so striking an achievement as "Pheidippides." This, something of a parallel in conception, relates how the runner, returning from his embassy to Sparta, had speech in a cave with the god, who granted him victory and the boon of dying for Athens. But unlike the god of Browning's poem,

The curl

Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw,

Mr. Thompson's deity has torn hands, and

round His head a crown

Far other than the fillets, wov'n of flowers,
Fresh leaves, and buds sweet-scented, for the brows
Of Pan . . .

. . . since of thorns, and driv'n
Steel-fanged, into the aching brows.

It is a daring conception, deftly helped out by a note from Spenser's "The Shepherd's Calendar." Perhaps it is the best indication of the spirit and outlook of the author, who introduces his book as a "witness to certain things that are being forgotten," and claims as motto, "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that hath been made."

There is a certain spaciousness and sustained dignity about Mr. Bartram's work that is very welcome. It follows an interesting plan. The first poem—which, like those that succeed it, is really a linked series of poems—sings the praise of rural England, and toasts a number of her olden poets. The rest of the book comprises a sequence of six "Studies," with a "Prelude" and a "Valediction," of historical figures more or less connected with the South of England. These are arranged in chronological order, the first, "Twilight

(1399)," evidently representing the poet Gower in his old age at St. Mary Overies. The subject of the second, "The Ranting Pilgrim (1591)," is Marlowe, and Herrick figures in the third. The fourth, "The Leveller (1652)," seems to suggest no more definite character than one of that peculiar sect, a company of whom instituted the simple life and, in Carlyle's pawky phrase, "dibbled beans" at St. Margaret's Hill in Surrey. The fifth "Study" is entitled "Cobbett's Grandsire (1726)," while the spokesman of the last, "To the Wilderness (1826)," is, we conjecture, Borrow.

In several instances these references are only to be arrived at by careful examination of internal evidence, and we venture to suggest that some appendix of explanatory notes would have been in no wise superfluous. In fact, to be done with our cavillings, Mr. Bartram occasionally irritates by an enigmatic apostrophe or a high-flown periphrasis; and after being forewarned in the "Prelude" that "English homespun" is his wear, it is something of a shock to meet with "manumit" (used adjectivally) and "eyliads" in the very next poem, neither word being traceable in Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary. But we have frankly enjoyed the volume, which confesses an intimate and loving acquaintance with green England, and a mind steeped in the story of her past. Lofty diction and fine swinging rhythms are other characteristics of these poems; and here is a skilful tavern-picture in four lines:—

And shake their sides with thunderous glee mine host and
guests, a cosy ring

In parlour lit with tapers three, while loud the western
gale doth sing :

The senior with the rheumy eye his story tells of wondrous
span,

With "I said," "He said," and "Said I," and ends him
where his tale began.

The lyric on page 44, which might be called "Would it were May," is one of the best examples of a true gift of song.

There is no excuse for a dull hour while such books as "The Dilettante" are obtainable. It contains some of the jolliest pieces of humorous verse we have seen for a long time; and such *jeux d'esprit* as the "Ballade of Unao," the two roundels on pp. 42 and 43, and the "Triolets of Pigeon-Shooting" are not only excellent fun, they are very adept versification. Let us give a mere taste of the last-named:—

My bird, I believe.

Dropped it after you'd missed.

Have the goodness to leave

My bird. (I believe

The fellow would thief

The watch from my wrist.)

My bird, I believe.

Dropped it after you'd missed.

I aimed at the bird;

In the bushes you kept *perdu*.

I give you my word

I aimed at the bird,

And it's simply absurd
To complain that I peppered you.
I aimed at the bird;
In the bushes you kept *perdu*.

We are sorry we cannot give it entire; but there was never a happier employment of the reiterate triolet than that, and—to quote from another poem—onomatopoeia can certainly do no more than—

The mocking clock's hypnotic tock-tick-tock.

Moreover, there is a series of delightful "instructive examples"—a ballade on the ballade, a rondeau on the rondeau, and so forth; while Mr. Shirreff's crowning triumph, surely, is his Ballade Table-of-Contents! Not a few of these merry pieces, many of which have an Indian origin, deserve preservation. But we should be unjust to Mr. Shirreff to take him merely as a humorist; he is also an accomplished exponent of the serious muse as, among others, the title-poem and a number of translations will witness. His rendering of Charles d'Orléans's well-known rondeau, "Le temps a laissé son manteau," would be difficult to excel, and certain epigrams from the Greek and the Sanscrit strike one as remarkably happy conversions. This little book, on many counts, deserves a good sale.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas's verse is sincere and frank, but there is nothing remarkably noteworthy in this, his second volume. "Across the Fens" and "The Dreamer" are the best things in it. "A Christmas Carol" is musical, and tender in sentiment, but it is difficult to see the force of the "shoes besmeared and holy" in the second stanza. Mr. Thomas mixes his metaphors in rather callow fashion at times—a disguise stemming the tide, is one instance. Of the quiet and somewhat austere temper of his work the title is a good indication.

Mr. Bourdillon's volume is largely a reissue, opening with that popular lyric, "The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes." There are about a score of new poems which well sustain the reputation of their author for felicitous lyricism. They are all quite brief, in nearly every instance no more than eight lines, each poem enshrining a single thought.

Mrs. Gurney's work will be familiar to readers of periodical literature. Hers is a dainty muse, with charming qualities alike of heart and mind. She handles the fixed forms well, but is at her best in the shell-like lyric of which this is a good example:—

Green leaves are here,
Sunlight and singing-birds;
But where? oh! where
Are the old wingèd words?

Thought lies too deep,
Joy is too high a thing;
And now I weep
Where once I used to sing.

The book, *qua* book, is a pretty production, the page exquisite of surface and prodigal of margin.

Visions of Life and Death

Lucky Pehr. An Allegorical Play in Five Acts. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Frank Palmer. 3s. 6d. net.)

Historical Miniatures. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by CLAUD FIELD, M.A. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

"C'EST du nord aujourd'hui que nous vient la lumière." Repeated to-day as a purely general proposition, with a point, maybe, of irony, Voltaire's once dazzling hyperbole and triumph of courtiership is nothing but the merest commonplace. We have no need to particularise; Ibsen, Tolstoi, Russian dancers, will readily occur to the mind in support of our contention. Nietzsche, Maeterlinck, Frenssen—here is another trinity of the North, not of the extremest North it is true, but the more cogent, perhaps, for that very reason. Culture has made the North its own, and what "they wrote that another man wrote of a carl in Norrway" is a dish of honour wherever Intellectuosity holds chastened revel. We can think of two reasons for this particular exoticism. The men of the North, at least those men of the North who have caught the ear of the civilised world, have, but too many of them, stood on the dizzy frontier-line of sanity; too many of them have taken the fatal step beyond. And the Northern Lights, difficult to see details and facts by, illuminate weirdly but admirably the obscure kingdom of ideas; under the glow of their pale beams Utopias and Infernos take form and substance.

We find it natural to ask whence Strindberg has drawn his fame, for fame he has undoubtedly achieved. He has been proclaimed a genius of all time; but these proclamations abound, and the *Advocatus Diaboli* in his season often makes short work of them. We can see three plausible answers to our question, and the final answer may be a combination of all three. Strindberg was a Northerner, he was sensitive to madness, and he had a wonderful power of visualising his conceptions and communicating his vision. He seems to have possessed up to a late period of his career the "Sanity of True Genius" consecrated by Lamb, and the "je veux être fou" that he was to utter and realise may have been the simple effect of evil communications—the bequest of another shipwrecked genius, of Nietzsche—"Le Crucifié," as he unpleasantly signed himself.

The necessity of translation has no doubt contributed to the popularity of most Northern writers. Truth shines brightest in mean attire, and most translations constitute undeniably shabby raiment. We are here stating a general proposition and are far from meaning discourtesy to either of the versions before us, though in that of "Lucky Pehr" there are things that strike unpleasantly—odd, un-English turns of phrase, and a vocabulary ranging from archaisms to "priceless" and "back-number." We may enjoy our Froude or our Macaulay, but we instinctively shrink from believing them; the "horny-handed sons of toil" and the liter-

ally-translated foreigner are the people who carry conviction about with them.

"Lucky Pehr" exemplifies the strength of Strindberg and his glaring weakness. For it must be patent even to a superficial reader that this fine dreamer is sometimes the most unoriginal of men. The play is an allegory of happiness. Pehr is brought up by his father, a misanthropical sexton, in the strict but romantically *cliché* seclusion of a church-tower, where the sights of the great world are carefully kept from the boy. A fairy godmother and a mischievous elf intervene, and Pehr is thrown into the midst of human experience; he knows wealth and poverty, power and unpopularity, but all this knowledge is vain, because "one who loves only himself can never love anyone else," and that is Pehr's case, till he finds redemption through a woman. Death himself visits the waverer in vain, and is dismissed, ejaculating: "You're a timid beggar! Live on then if you think it anything; but don't regret it later." The entrance of Death in response to Pehr's call reminds us a little too urgently of "La Mort et le Bûcheron." Death exclaims, melodramatically: "What would you me?" and Pehr, after a moment of alarm, replies, first: "It was nothing especially pressing"; and then: "It is only a form of speech which we use." And how terribly conventional is the dialogue between Pehr and his father on the delights of the world!

Pehr: Do you see the Christmas-tree, with its gold and silver?

Old Man: Only paper, boy!

Pehr: And the golden fruits of the tropics?

Old Man: Worm-eaten, etc., etc.

Pehr's final comment is at least sensible: "I want silver and gold—if in the end it is nothing but dross."

If this were all that is to be found in "Lucky Pehr" we suppose that its readers would be few. But there are bursts of eloquence and flashes of poetry that carry us over many pages; and there is some good comedy. For instance, there is the dialogue between the town pillory and the statue of a past burgomaster who had paved the streets with stone; the pillory explains that there would have been no statue but for the parson, the contractor, the chiropodist ("who acquired practice through your beautiful street stones"), the wagon-maker (for similar reasons), and, naturally, the shoe-maker.

"Historical Miniatures" is much finer metal. It is a kind of "Légende des Siècles" with a Providential motive. Alcibiades, Nero, Popes, Attila, Louis XI and Henry VIII do endless wrong, but out of it comes inevitable good. "Ceci tuera cela," but "ceci" has got to go one day. Two of the subjects, Julian the Apostate and Peter the Great, are the same as those of two of the volumes of Merejkowsky's great trilogy. It is curious to note how widely the two authors differ about the former, and how closely they agree about the latter. The "Great Czar" is in truth a miniature of the great

historical picture of "Peter and Alexis." One of Strindberg's master-thoughts is excellently formulated from the lips of Socrates. The philosopher is demonstrating that Euripides is greater than Æschylus and Sophocles: "Certainly, Protagoras! He is nearer to us; he speaks *our* thoughts, not those of our fathers." From the same point of view Cicero is condemned, as one who "had no original opinion of his own on any subject."

Sometimes the writer seems to lose his breath as he darts across the stepping-stones of history. Some pages are thick with incident, and suggest a "Hustled History" of the World. At other times he selects his materials with care and skill. The "Close of the First Millennium," a most wonderful picture of the last days of the year 999 and the terrors of the expected Second Advent, contains both defect and quality within its diminutive frame.

There is more assimilation than original thought; there are clouds preceding flashes. Landor and his "Imaginary Conversations" are suggested more than once—not that we suggest borrowing, conscious or unconscious here, or conscious anywhere else—but we have an irresistible feeling of having heard it all before. That is no defect in a book of this scope; the past can only live by what we take from the past, and Strindberg has made the past live very vividly indeed. We may justly number him with:

Ces grands esprits parlant avec ces grands fantômes.

and take leave of him to meet him again.

"When Burbage Played"

Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage. By MRS. C. C. STOPES. (Alexander Moring. 5s. net.)

MR. BIRRELL has eloquently pleaded the pathos of the actor's lot—his shifting personality, his nakedness before posterity. His art dies with him, and unless his private life has something in it to stir romantic curiosity, he leaves behind nothing but the letters of his name, whose seasoning progress from gold to black is but slightly retarded by the occasional offices of some charwoman of history. Garrick still lives through his friendships and through an accident of romance; James and Richard Burbage, the fathers of the English stage, are indebted for their survival to their association with another actor who happened also to be "l'altissimo poeta," and, by a satirical masterstroke of Fame, to their lawsuits. The book before us is almost entirely a record of legal proceedings, vexatious and persistent, and threatening the players with extinction and ruin. Royal authority is capricious, municipal authority is definitely hostile. The clearest rights are challenged; neither the land on which the Burbages have built their playhouses nor the very planks and stones of the temple itself are safe from an appeal to the caprices of the law.

They changed their abodes, they carried their theatre bodily in the night from one river bank to the other. The final injustice was the assignment by the Lord Chamberlain "before he heard what the Burbages had to say," of some of the Burbages' own shares in their theatre to some irresponsible and discontented members of their company.

"The only good these old lawsuits ever did to anyone they have done to us—they have preserved the story of the pioneer who breasted the first difficulties, and made the path easy." That pioneer is James Burbage, "the first builder of theatres in stone as he had been the first builder of theatres in wood"—the former at Blackfriars, the latter on the land of the old Priory of Holywell—and the English sponsor of the very word "theatre." The name Burbage means generally for most people Richard Burbage, James' younger son, the creator of Shakespeare's greatest parts, but the father, who is the real hero of Mrs. Stopes' book, has undeniable claims on the gratitude of posterity. Without the life-long battle he waged against Philistinism and Obscurantism, as well as against private cupidities and jealousies, the Shakespearean stage might have missed its glorious birth and its glorious tradition.

For the Puritan opposition, as focussed in the Corporation of London, to stage-plays, Mrs. Stopes gives some justification. It was an alert and unceasing opposition, and, if occasionally thwarted by the exertion of Royal or noble patronage, it usually won the day by its pertinacity. Of its point of view we get a typical glimpse in a minute of the Lord Mayor, dealing among other things with Sunday playing—"it may be noted how uncomely it is for youths to come streight from prayer to playes, from God's service to the devell's." Mrs. Stopes is, however, far from really justifying this sullen antagonism. The theatre was a great power for good, a force on the side of both culture and morality. Elizabethan England had music, but no plastic art, and the drama satisfied both actual and potential taste. "The theatres were the only avenue through which the bulk of the people became sharers in the influences of the *Renaissance*." They were "the great civilising influences of the day."

Mrs. Stopes writes in a free and entertaining style, though much of her book can only be enjoyed by readers of a legal turn. She has much new matter to communicate, and she is not averse from somewhat bold speculation. She suggests, for instance, that "Snug the joiner was given the *Lion's part*, who had nothing to do but to roar," because Snug was none other than old James Burbage, an ex-carpenter, and by 1594 retired from the boards. There is a theory, based on one of the innumerable lawsuits, of the reason that brought Shakespeare to London and the stage. There are ingenious theories about "Macbeth" and "Love's Labour's Lost." Mrs. Stopes thinks that "the lives of the Burbages ought to have been written long since"; she adds, "by others"; there is to reason to question this qualification.

"Ars Una: Species Mille"

Art in Spain and Portugal. By MARCEL DIEULAFOY.
Illustrated. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s. net.)

THIS title is, we believe, the motto of the general history of art of which the present work forms the fifth volume. No one will dispute its obvious truth, but perhaps no Christian countries could demonstrate the many kinds of work which justly come under the name of art than the ancient lands of Spain and Portugal. The author traces the growth of art in both countries, from the earliest times up to the nineteenth century; thus it will be seen that he has to deal with the Persian arts under the Sassanids before he can explain the connection of the church and the mosque in these greatly Orientalised parts of Europe. The Arabs, educated by the Persians, whose country they had overrun, crossed the Straits of Gades at the beginning of the eighth century, and impressed their arts upon Spain for nearly eight hundred years. The vanquished race was, of course, deeply affected by the teaching of the Koran, but not entirely or wholly subdued. The Mussulman might give his buildings to Spain, but the native character was never overcome, but rather forced to adapt itself to Oriental schemes of beauty and examples of art.

Mr. Dieulafoy deals exhaustively with the early architecture, which was naturally the most potent exhibition of Eastern art in Spain. Firstly he shows us most admirably the work of the Antique Period, followed by the Romanesque and Gothic, and thus to the still more brilliant Renaissance, and so on throughout the eighteenth century, closing with the artistic productions of the nineteenth. The author's study of the architecture and sculpture in the earlier days is full and clear, and excellently illustrated with either his own drawings or highly informing photographs. For the less leisurely student it would have been a considerable advantage if Mr. Dieulafoy had been able to add the approximate date of the buildings illustrated to the titles of his pictures, but a careful study of his work will enable the reader correctly to place the enormous series of interesting and historical structures with which he deals. During the Renaissance and the later centuries the vast quantity of pictures of which he writes are of especial value to us just now, when the collection at the Grafton Gallery shows us examples of many of the schools, frequently greatly influenced by foreign artists, which he explains and criticises. One of the outstanding features of the book is, indeed, the fact that both Spain and Portugal, while retaining much of their local character, were countries particularly responsive to foreign ideas and ideals. From the earliest days to the time of Goya is a lengthy journey, but the author of "Art in Spain and Portugal" makes it without sign of weariness or lack of interest. As he writes of the more modern work he becomes a little less full and presents his readers rather with a guide than a generous account of the great masters

who painted for the Kings and Princes of Spain and Portugal. That, however, will, perhaps, make his book more generally popular. If the further volumes in this series are as valuable as the present they will, indeed, be welcome. We especially look forward to those dealing with the arts of India and of China and Japan.

Children's Stories

Inchfallen. By E. EVERETT-GREEN. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 2s. 6d.)

The Childhood of Helen. By EVELYN GOODE. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 2s. 6d.)

Stairways. By LILIAN TURNER. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 2s. 6d.)

The Rose Book of Romance: A Tapestry of Old Tales (For Reading to the Little Ones). Rewoven by ALETHEA CHAPLIN. Illustrated in Colour by M. M. JOHNSON. (Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Hungarian Fairy Book. By NANDOR POGANY. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

If one can reconcile one's self to the fact that a woman can have a sufficiently sweet and gentle disposition as to receive with only soft speeches—and this the first hour of the honeymoon—the fact that her husband had previously married, and was a widower with three children, it will not be difficult to enjoy the remainder of "Inchfallen." This very placid and malleable creature arrives at her husband's home, and, although the children are under the care of a very austere aunt in a separate wing of the mansion, Christabel manages in time to attract them all to her. In parts the conversation of the little ones is anything but childlike, and none of them is sufficiently roguish to be very interesting.

The three children in Mrs. Goode's story are very natural and entertaining young persons, and the way in which the author has depicted their disappointment when Helen, a grown-up cousin, resists or passes lightly by all their simple efforts to entertain her and remains unfriendly aloof from their childish pleasures is well told. Their great perseverance to attract and please her is a little overdone; the majority of children are usually quicker than were Polly, Rod, and Small to understand when they are not wanted and to keep away from unsympathetic companions. But their little ways and whims have evidently been well studied by the author, whose book can be recommended as a good children's story.

"Stairways to the Stars" is a book suitable for girls beyond childhood's years, and deals with three daughters possessing very distinct and different dispositions, and the manner in which they alternately vex and please their gentle mother, who lives only to tend and care for her children. Pamela, who longs for genius and dreams of "gifts"; Catherine, who yearns always to do good; and frivolous little Rosalind are all well described, as is also the quaint little person

who takes up her abode with the family, and proves herself to be the fortunate possessor of the "gift" craved for by the disappointed Pamela. The scene is laid partly in Australia and partly in England, so both Colonial and English readers should be able to take an interest in the story.

"The Rose Book of Romance" is yet another collection of the old tales ever dear to succeeding generations of children. There are in all twelve stories, comprising among others "Dick Whittington," "Aladdin," and "Cinderella." There seems no particular reason for the present edition; the accounts have been rewoven by Miss Chaplin, but there are already so many books containing all or many of these same stories that it is doubtful whether a very large sale can be expected from this fresh compilation. The book has rather a heavy appearance, but will probably bear some rough handling.

This year it is to Hungary that Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has turned for a writer of the dainty fairy-book he produces each year, and the compiler, Mr. Nándor Pogány has done his best to collect in the present volume stories of such rich fancy and vivid imagination as will please any child who delights in the mystic and the beautiful. The illustrations are whimsical and quaint, while the red and black printing gives a very decorative effect to the whole.

Shorter Reviews

The Diversions of a Prisoner: Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea." Done into English by VIVIAN BRANDON. With eight illustrations after pictures by ARTHUR FRECKEN VON RAMBERG. (T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d. net.)

ALTHOUGH—and perhaps for that very reason—we have never been in prison, we have a sneaking idea that we should enjoy a term of imprisonment; not hard labour and not too long, but protected from visitors, telephones, telegrams, and newspapers. Left alone, in fact, with nothing to do and a liberal supply of MS. paper and some decent pens. We feel certain that Bunyan was happy in Bedford Gaol writing his "Pilgrim's Progress," and that it was a comfort to Walter Raleigh to compile his "History of the World" in the Tower. The attraction to us would be that there need be no hurry and no interruption.

It appears that Mr. Vivian Brandon, while imprisoned in the fortress of Wesel, occupied his leisure by translating Goethe's famous poem of "Hermann and Dorothea." Owing, perhaps, to poor translations, the poem is not very well known here, whilst in Germany it is far more familiar than—what shall we say?—"Eugene Aram," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Horatius," or "The Queen of the May" are in England"; but, then, the Germans are much fonder of poetry than we are. "'Hermann and Dorothea,'" said Goethe, in his old age, "is about

the only one of my long poems which still gives me pleasure; I can never read it without being deeply stirred."

The poem is in hexameter, and Mr. Brandon has carefully refrained from falling into the errors of his predecessors by attempting the same metre in English. The construction of sentences in German is quite different from that of English. Owing principally to the large number of monosyllabic words in the English language, an English sentence contains on the average fewer syllables than its German equivalent. The translator therefore boldly tried the twelve-syllable line, and it must be confessed it is wonderfully effective.

The French prisoners of war on Dartmoor, a hundred years ago, used to make beautiful little models of three-deckers out of the bones they saved from their meals. They were correct to the smallest detail, even in scale, and Mr. Brandon betrays the same meticulous care in his translation; the value of every syllable has been carefully weighed and every line polished. For an amateur, this young naval officer has turned out a scholarly piece of work, graced by some poetic sympathy of his own. It will be interesting if this becomes the standard translation of the poem. There are eight excellent reproductions of Von Ramberg's well-known pictures.

The National Gallery of Scotland: Souvenir Volume.
By W. G. BLAICKIE MURDOCH. (De La More Press.
1s. net.)

In a short "prologue" the writer of this little book traces the origin and development of the Scottish National Gallery, explaining the various bequests and gifts which have helped to give it distinction. The following chapters are devoted to more detailed descriptions of the treasures to be found in the different departments—the examples of the French School, the English and Scottish Schools, the sculpture, and other information. The subject is treated most interestingly in every respect, as those who know Mr. Murdoch's writings will anticipate, and the nineteen illustrations are reproduced quite as well as the limitations of price and size would permit.

The publishing firm of Erskine MacDonald has been re-organised, and with Mr. F. W. Palmer (lately with Messrs. Simpkin Marshall and brother of Mr. F. N. Foulis' London manager) as trade manager, has been transferred to new premises at Featherstone Buildings, Holborn. The firm will make a feature of romance, prose fiction being added to the speciality of verse. The former class will be represented by two old-world romances, by C. Rutherford and the Countess of Cromartie, in addition to a novel, "The Rut," by E. Hamilton Moore, while drama will include "The Master," by W. G. Hole, with an introduction by Stephen Phillips, and a play by Mrs. Percy Dearmer.

Fiction

Youth Will Be Served. By DOLF WYLLARDE. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

WHAT is the proper age for the person who fulfils in a novel the popular rôle once known as that of the "heroine"? Doubtless the question resembles the queries on the posters of a certain type of publication; yet the subject is not without its interest. Just at present the age of this interesting personage is undoubtedly on the increase. In the novels we have read lately we find that a perilously close approach to forty, and even a stride beyond that formerly fatal age, leaves one of these delightful women with a power of fascination compared with which the years of her twenties were stale and utterly unprofitable. This large horizon is pleasant, and doubtless true enough. We mention it since we have another instance of it in this latest book of Dolf Wyllarde. It is unnecessary to point out that this author is already responsible for much sterling and powerful work; but never, we think, has her art taken a more subtle and thoughtful shape than in the present volume.

"Youth will be Served," notwithstanding the design on its paper envelope, is a book which may well lay claim to serious attention. We have here a girl, fresh, young, and reasonably ardent, married to the distinguished soldier, many years her senior, and begetting him a son before she herself had attained her nineteenth year. There follows a repression, easy enough to be understood, on the part of the fond soldier of his young wife's desire to accompany him in his more adventurous military expeditions, and the inevitable shock with which the young wife learns that, though her husband loves her, he loves his profession yet more. The sequel seems to us to be worked out with an enthralling but merciless logic. We see Gillian, the young girl, wife of a soldier steadily growing more famous, maturing among the temptations and whirl of London. There is no downfall of virtue, as might have been expected by some; but there is a process of hardening which comes about as the love of self, unhindered, grows; and, when the soldier, now a general, sees her in his advancing years, and at last fully realises the zenith of her acknowledged attractions, it is too late. The hero of her girlish years can never again be to her anything beyond a humdrum husband.

It is her son whom now she places on a portion of the pedestal long ago occupied by the husband. On a portion only, for the greater part of this becomes filled by another! Just here it looks very much as though we were drifting towards the change of partners which is becoming so commonplace in this England of the average novelist of the day; but here the art of Dolf Wyllarde intervenes, and we are both saved, and in a convincing fashion. "Youth will be Served," and it is Gillian's son who, having come to man's estate, intervenes, quite unintentionally, as a matter of fact, since

his mother to her dismay finds herself watching him play the part with another which her lover is on the eve of playing with herself. Such is the crude outline of a fascinating tale.

The Sequence, 1905-1912. By ELINOR GLYN. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

TO those who have enjoyed the "Visits of Elizabeth" and a number of the other works of this author, "The Sequence" must come in the light of a disappointment. The book is from a skilful hand, it is true; but it is impossible to escape from the conviction, as one reads, that it is the manner, not the matter, which prevents the expression of utter damnation. Do we not all know that lady who, seated before her mirror, describes her various charms, one after the other, to the reader? Do we not, moreover, know the lady, who, when her lover enters, stands up trembling to greet him? And have we not also read of the lover whose eyes blaze and whose countenance is apt to pass with entrancing suddenness from passionate gladness to a stern broodiness that is almost as overwhelming in its effects? We have met these characters before. It is true that here they are garbed in modern clothes. Thus Guinevere of the sad eyes and tragic face, who otherwise would be a milk-and-watery maid, is rendered of a certain interest from the mere fact that she is a married woman; and it is not her husband who shines with the passionate gladness already referred to! Affairs being in this condition, it is, even in smart society, essential to clear the way. This is done by first introducing some really tremendous complications. Guinevere and her lover are discovered in a somewhat compromising situation by Guinevere's son—for the lady is no longer in her very first youth. The *contretemps* is too much for our heroine, and she decides that she and the man she "adores" must part, at all events for a time. Driven desperate, the lover marries another woman two days before Guinevere's husband dies! And so they jump from the frying-pan into the fire, for Guinevere's husband was old and unsuspicious; while Sir Hugh Dremont's wife is young, and very well able to look after herself. But there remains Guinevere's son, who steps bravely into the breach, has a tremendous *affaire* with Sir Hugh's wife, and in the end they are drowned together. Thus by a simple process of arithmetic and cancellation, we are left with Guinevere and her lover. The last line of the novel is:—

"The dawn of a new day for Hugh and me." But what a long night!

The Chaps of Harton: A Tale of Frolic, Sport, and Mystery at Public School. By BELINDA BLINDERS. Edited by DESMOND COKE. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. COKE has contrived for us a most diverting farce. "Belinda Blinders," after her triumph in "Sandford of Merton," has flown at higher game; she has en-

deavoured to "paint an enduring picture of the perils that beset a lad who sinks to those two rampant vices of the male-mastered college: criminality and sport." The hero begins well by winning the favour of the school captain who, "worried and vigilant, meets every train—keen young fellow—to learn at once if Fate had sent him good material to mould into the fine Hartonian tradition." Ralph—the hero—is "placed unanimously in the first class," which is, of course, the top one, but changes places magnanimously with the villain, who is "delegated to the sixth." Then he falls into temptation, helps to abduct the head's little daughter, and spends the rest of his time in atoning for this slip. He wins the cycle championship at the "annual athletic gala" and the concomitant "grand money prize." By means of this last he works his way to Queen's Club and redeems his reputation by his play as twelfth man in a sensational "Harton and Erow" match. From "Errata" to "The Finis" there is nothing but pure joy.

Richard Furlong. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

MR. TEMPLE THURSTON has a happy knack of diving moderately deep down into the lower strata of society and investing the characters involved with a generous and fascinating amount of what some might call literary glamour, and others the romance of truth as seen by the seeing eye. Whichever may be the more accurate, the result is usually successful, and in the case of Richard Furlong the author may be congratulated on having brought the story well up to his standard.

The tale of Richard Furlong, who comes to London from a country mill, impregnated with true art and the enthusiasm of genius, and his chilly and heart-rending reception at the hands of philistine editors and picture-shops, is not, in itself, a new one. Yet the topic is most interestingly dealt with, and in the course of it we are introduced to the fateful oil-shop where the starving artist lodged. Poor setting for a romance, truly, an oil-shop—yet by the magic of Mr. Thurston's capable pen we rapidly feel at home there, and we grow to love the unselfish and adorable daughter of the people, who, for her part, loved Dickie Furlong with such pure generosity and self-sacrifice.

The end of the story is not what might have been expected; since there are no betrayals, and the man on the threshold of his fame clings to the girl who lived only for him. But the end is pure pathos, and the book would be worth perusal if for nothing beyond the power of the two last pages.

Heroes of the Indian Mutiny. By EDWARD GILLIAT. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 5s.)

THIS latest addition to the "Heroes of the World" library cannot fail to arouse interest, not only among youthful, but also more mature readers. The episodes, ghastly, grim, and heroic, of that great drama, which

reddened the soil of India with the blood of European and native, can never become stale reading to Englishmen; and the heart of even the most degenerate modern—if moderns be degenerate—must necessarily beat more quickly at the amazing recital of the heroism which that tremendous struggle evoked.

In this volume the events have been successfully portrayed; and both the sternness and the glamour of the struggle are adequately rendered. Mr. Gilliat wisely has begun at the fountain head, and a most useful chapter is the first, which deals with the days before the Mutiny, and the mutterings of the storm. Who can blame these gallant British officers for their simple faith, and in so many cases, misplaced confidence, in the men who were but waiting the first opportunity of slaying them? And the torch of revolt once applied, what place in the world saw feats of greater endurance, self-sacrifice, and heroism? These have never been placed in a more compact and interesting form than in the present volume.

The Eyes of Alicia. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

ALICIA, the heroine of this novel, is enveloped in mystery from the beginning to the end of the volume. The connection between herself and the millionaire, Mr. David Haggart, is also very mysterious.

Her misfortune in being mixed up with a set of forgers makes her life a misery and a terror. The plot is deeply laid and skilfully worked up into an exciting tale, which is far above the average and well worth reading.

The Centenary of Verdi in Italy

HAD Great Britain been so fortunate as to be able to count such a man as Verdi among her sons, she would doubtless have taken some little notice of the hundredth anniversary of his birth; Queen's Hall and the musical societies of the greater provincial towns would have given a concert; Sir Edward Elgar, Mr. W. H. Hadow, or the Lord Chief Justice would have delivered an address on the occasion; but there the matter would have ended. Here, in Italy, things are very different. The "great heart" of the people is stirred this year to vivid realisation of the glory which Verdi gave to the country. No one, it seems, is ignorant, no one is indifferent; even the "upper classes" talk about Verdi with knowledge and enthusiasm. Not only the musical but the unmusical—if there be any really unmusical people in Italy—can share in the conversation when it turns upon the great composer, and they are ever ready to make pilgrimages, and endure some amount of discomfort, in order to be present at a special performance of "Aida" or "Nabucco." Verdi belonged by birth to the North, but now he is the common possession of all

Italy. In every small town south of Naples one is sure to see a magnificent "poster" on the walls, often adorned with a really fine portrait of the Maestro, which announces that in a neighbouring city—and the "city" may be one of not more than 2,000 inhabitants—the municipality has arranged for a grand week of "La Traviata" in honour of the centenary. At Naples every programme of the fine Banda Municipale contained one or more selections from an opera by Verdi; when the first notes were heard, the people invariably broke out into cheers and cries of "Viva Verdi!" while the bands seemed to play the music with the splendid fire of love and pride. There, in the warm evening, under the tall palm trees, the air delicious with mingled odours from a great bed of dazzling white tuberoses and a thicket of oleanders, the gay Neapolitan crowd intently listening to the music—too often, for one hearer's comfort, accompanying some well-known melody with their voices—Mediterranean waves beating against the sea-wall adding their infinite bass to the music, one felt how congruous was the art of the composer to the scene. Perhaps some of the superior English and Germans who sniff at Verdi might see that he deserves a place in the musical sun after all, could they hear him at their ease in his own country, and learn how national is his music. In England it is probable that there are very few musicians whose judgment carries weight who do not recognise the genius of Verdi, even though they might decline to go again to hear "La Traviata." It is our musically half-educated folk who affect to belittle Verdi; and it would be foolish to expect the average German, who is constitutionally narrow-minded about the music of other countries, to appreciate his value. But here, in Italy, there is no doubt about it; Verdi spoke in music for the people of his day, with so complete a sincerity that he will live for people of future days and other countries. As one moves about from town to town and village to village, one is sure to come upon a Festa of some kind, and therefore to look upon a scene which at once suggests opera. All that one remembers of Verdi's scores rushes into the mind of the appropriate music to express the scene. Puccini? No, he is not as naturally Italian as Verdi. Rossini? Yes, of course, and Donizetti and Bellini too; but theirs is music for the Italy of a bygone time, and it expressed the more superficial Italian character, the gay charm, the inexhaustible delight in sun and laughter. It did not represent the whole spirit of Italy, only part. The spirit of the men who made Italy as she is now is not in it. But Verdi goes much deeper, is much more comprehensive, and is the people's musical poet in a sense that Rossini, with all his brilliance, could not be.

We attended a performance of "Il Trovatore" in a town so small and obscure that neither Murray nor Bradshaw nor Baedeker appears to know of its existence. It was the Festa of Maria Addolorata, and we were at first attracted by the contrast between cause and effect indicated by the flaming advertisement

which set forth that "Domenica, 21 corrente, avra luogo la rinomata ed antica Fiera di Bestiame e merci detta dei Sette Dolori." The connection between the Seven Sorrows of Mary and a cattle fair is at first surprising, but the surprises of Italy are part of its fascination. This year's Fair of the Seven Sorrows had been chosen by the spirited municipality as the appropriate time for a Verdi commemoration, and "Il Trovatore" was performed nightly to an enraptured audience by a "grand" company, which included twenty bandmen and twelve chorus-singers. To seasoned opera-goers the audience and all the circumstances of the performance were more interesting than either the opera or its interpreters. But we have, on other occasions, heard infinitely better performances in Italy received with coldness or even hostility. Now, however, the sentiment of pride in the possession of Verdi had softened all critical temper, the most obvious faults were overlooked, and each familiar scene was rewarded with bravest applause. We discussed the centenary with the waiter at the trattoria, with some amateurs in the seats at a lira and a half, also with a railway porter. Not one of these good men but had something intelligent to say. They had no doubt that Verdi was the greatest composer the world had seen, but one should go to Milan to hear the finest performances in the world. There was to be a representation of "Falstaff," however, at Basseto itself, with artists from Milan, which would transcend everything; and we had probably heard of Signor Zenatello's marvellous "Aïda" in the Roman Amphitheatre at Verona, seven nights of it, and 40,000 persons present each time. Yes, we had indeed heard of this amazing commemoration from some who had been there, and the thought that we had missed it will be a source of lifelong regret. Forty thousand people sitting under the stars in that gigantic Colosseum, not, as once, at a gladiatorial show, but to hear "Aïda," must have been a sight worth a long journey. Two sphinxes and two obelisks to indicate the scene, with the addition of some palm trees wheeled on to suggest the banks of the Nile in the third act, what more by way of *décor* could be needed? The orchestra and the singers were perfectly heard, and there can be no doubt that the opera was finely done.

So great was the success that Signor Zenatello wanted to give a gratuitous performance, to enable the very poorest to share in the glorious honouring of Verdi. But the town authorities distrusted their ability to cope with the crowds which would have fought for places, and the generous intention was not carried out. It is pleasant to be in a country where heroes are still worshipped with genuine passion of affection, especially when the hero is not a politician but an artist. Italy of to-day thinks chiefly, but not entirely, of progress, its commerce, its science, and its material well-being. But she does not forget that she was and is a land of song. Her deepest gratitude, of course, is for the Liberators, and her pride in her men of science, such as Marconi, is intense; but she cannot do without Art, and her joy in such a possession as the music of Verdi is something both beautiful and inspiring.

The Making of the Royal West of England Academy

BY HALDANE MACFALL.

THE high honour paid to Bristol by His Majesty the King in granting the Royal title to her Academy of Fine Arts, is to see that historic city given up to making holiday in a week of banquets, balls, rejoicings and picturesque ceremonies. There will be much making of elaborate speeches; justifiable pride of the city fathers; large and handsome compliments by official visitors and distinguished guests; indeed, perhaps more than a little exaggerative—the cork being out of the bottle and the splendour conducing to the taking of the high note. But when all the banqueting is done, and the dawn of the morrow steals over the city and peeps in at the broken fragments of the feast, when the eye takes a calmer survey, with tendency towards exaggerative chill and criticism, what value then shall we see the city set upon this unique distinction that the Crown has granted to her?

Wheresoever, throughout the country, there is interest in affairs of Art, wheresoever the high importance of the arts in the destiny of a people is fully realised, there will be a sense of rejoicing in the Western city's rejoicings. In more than one great city will be paid the tribute of envy at Bristol's good fortune. But even in the moment of exultation it were well for the city fathers to remember that the King has not merely granted such high honour to be worn as a decoration on the civic breast; the King is a serious man keenly anxious to know what England is *doing*; and this honour holds the compelling duty that Bristol shall guard it with jealous eye and handsome deed. What is Bristol going to do with her Royal Academy? Let us glance a moment at the Academy as it stands to-day and in its makings.

Bristol looms in the imagination of this country as the historic city of the West. From her ports were shipped the stuff which made the traffic for high adventure over sea and land. She is the city that ought to have won Stevenson as her singer. The art of the drama was aforesaid nourished largely upon her boards. She is by position and by every instinct the centre of all artistic activity in the West. She seems to have realised this destiny.

Without aid from, or appeal to, the city funds, or the State, certain citizens set themselves about 1844 to build a fitting home as the nursery of the arts. In the galleries of the Royal Academy of the West to-day may be seen a show-case in which lies the first catalogue of her first arts exhibition on the founding of her Academy by Mrs. Sharples in 1844; and the signature of the first President, John S. Harford, forebear of the present Duchess of Beaufort—the Harfords and Mileses and Brights being connected with the "Old Bank" of Bristol, on the premises of which bank the Academy was brought into being. This handsome service of private citizens to their historic city has become a tradi-

tion; and to-day, without public funds, without civic aid, the building of the Academy blossoms forth as the Royal Academy of the West of England through the dogged and unceasing efforts of a citizen, Mr. Ernest Savory, the generous patronage of its Lady President, Miss Stancomb Wills, amidst the enthusiasm of the genial Bohemian arts club known as the Bristol Savages, who owe their existence largely to the generosity of Alderman Eberle. It was the masterly policy of the Academy to unite the high endeavour of all the remarkably fine artists of the West of England into a central home; and the list of members on whom the Academic honours rest at the initiation of the Royal body is a weighty one. The Newlyn School has too long suffered neglect; to-day it steps into its honours. When we come to realise that artists so well known as Hughes Stanton, Olsson, Alfred Parsons, Raven Hill, Adrian Stokes, Lamorna Birch, Tom Mostyn, Charles Sims, Moffat Lindner, Melton Fisher, Napier Hemy, John Hassall, are of the company, it reminds us of the wide activity of the West in affairs artistic. Of the sculptors is Havard Thomas.

The King, by grant of the Royal title, has honoured these men and proclaimed the right of the West to distinction. Mr. Savory has wrought by untiring energy and devoted service not only this wide group into one, but has won by sheer force of character a stately building wherein to house this Royal Academy in fitting fashion.

But what is the West of England going to do to show itself worthy of the honour? Therein lies the splendour or destruction of the future art activity of the West.

There will be danger of the overlapping of this art educational interest and that; and now is the time for the citizens of Bristol to see to it that their Royal Academy shall become a source of inspiration and encouragement to the art culture of their people.

To-day Bristol has a splendid opportunity. She has her University and her Art Gallery, the gift of Lord Wintestoke to the City, wherein is housed the City's permanent collection of pictures. She has her local artists, the artistic impetus has not to be nursed into being—it is there, all over the West. She has her duty to her Royal Academy; and must pursue it—will she pursue it with niggard hand, or with paltry bickerings and jealousies, or will the city fathers and the great county magnates unite with her University to affiliate the culture of her art endeavour with the culture of her learning and her science such as the University is already there established to give to her people? Will Bristol arise and become the nursery of architects and sculptors to beautify her streets and public buildings, painters and craftsmen to bring forth the art that is her own song? Or will she be content to consider an annual exhibition of works of art from outside as her sufficient contribution to her culture and her splendour? Why does she not found a chair of art in her University and work in unison with the Academy to bring enthusiasm for the arts amongst the people? Will she not give to her working classes the opportunity to see without fee the art utterance of her people? In these and a score

of ways she can move to the encouragement of a culture without which she must pass wholly into the grey and sordid habits of the Philistines and know the narrower wayfaring in life.

Here has one man by his restless energy brought a Royal Academy within her possession. What of the years to come? Whither is all this travail to lead? That is now become the all important problem.

The New-Comer

BY A GRAMMAR SCHOOL MASTER.

NOTHING is more impressive at first sight than the reverence and awe displayed by the new boy or girl of twelve years of age during the first half-week in a secondary school. Thirty new faces turned up to yours in an attitude of profound respect make you feel that after all you are a person of some consequence in the world. Every word you speak is carefully weighed, each motion studied; even your jokes are appreciated. You feel you have come into your own at last. But the illusion is as fleeting as it is vivid; in less than a week you find behaviour which seemed to represent intense admiration was only a critical and non-committal scrutiny. With dismay you begin to realise that all the openings in your armour are not only discovered but registered, and that the enemy will give no quarter. Henceforth you must be on the defensive, always prepared for an immediate attack.

After about a week, when the new-comer has taken his bearings, his own individuality, which has been held in abeyance by the strangeness of his surroundings, begins to assert itself. Familiarity breeds, not exactly contempt, but a more qualified respect. The gods are still gods, but their feet are clay. "It's a queer sort of place," said a boy, in answer to his mother's question, "but I don't think there's anything I shan't be able to manage in a bit." The last three words indicate all that was left of his fear of the unknown.

Recently I gave as the subject of an essay, "My First Week in a Secondary School." Most of the essayists had previously attended an elementary day school. One of the girls began: "I think what impressed me most was the gowns of the teachers. Most of the mistresses looked lovely in them, and the masters don't look at all bad when you get used to them. I think I shall be a secondary school teacher myself, as I should love to wear a gown." Her phrase "most of the mistresses" aroused my curiosity, but I thought it wise to make no further inquiries. Another girl, who had no intention of being rude, wrote: "Some of the big girls are more stuck-up than the teachers. This is a pity, as it spoils them and takes nobody in." Similar artless candour found expression in the essay of a thoughtful little girl of twelve. "I like French the best of all the subjects, and the mistress who teaches it speaks it as fast as anything. Of

course, I can't tell whether she is right or wrong, but what I should like to know is, what would a Frenchman say about it. To me it sounds very funny. I should love to go to France." At this point she launched into a detailed description of the route she intended to take on her first visit to the Continent. It was off the subject, but it filled a page, and convinced me that her training in geography had been conducted on sound lines.

What most new scholars feel very keenly is loss of prestige. In the elementary school they could patronise the other scholars; in the secondary school they were not even average units. "At my last school," said a youthful Ulysses, "I could fight anybody, and it won't be many years before I'm the same here." How true it is that, even with the schoolboy,

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light
Adorns and cheers the way!

Not every scholar, however, can assimilate a cheerful philosophy so early. Some feel cowed, others embittered. "When I look around at the sea of faces," wrote a little pale-faced boy of twelve, "I nearly feel nobody." As long as he can write "nearly" there is hope for him. A girl whose bump of reverence is not yet fully developed said: "The big girls of this school are far too self-conscientious. When I asked one how old she was, she turned up her eyebrows and said, 'Don't talk to me in that flippert tone,' and another looked at me as if she was my mother. It's all put on, and it's ridiklous." With her, the rude discipline of life has already begun. Discipline in English will follow later.

A considerable number are ambitious, and realise that a secondary education is a valuable asset. "When I was quite young," said a veteran of four feet, "I made up my mind to be a great man some day, and this determination has remained with me to the present day. But it looks a lot harder than it did. At first I thought of being a poet, but after what I have seen since I came here I think I shall be a scientist, or I wouldn't mind being a great joiner either." This extract might lead the uninitiated into the belief that English literature has not been made as attractive as it might be. I prefer to think that the superior attractions of elementary science and woodwork are alone responsible. I believe that in wood-work lessons the boys are allowed to work in their shirt-sleeves, and that after practical science they nearly always wash their hands. No doubt this is necessary, but it puts the rest of the staff at a tremendous disadvantage. A girl whose belief in education is almost as great as her belief in herself, said: "When I left the Elementary School, I was top of Standard Ex-7, the highest possible. Then I got a scholarship and came here. While I am here I shall win another and pass on to the University. There I shall get a M.A., and the whole world will be at my feet. Perhaps I shall lead a Women's Movement if I don't get married, which I don't think I shall, unless I change my mind. But one never knows."

The big majority of the boys devoted most of the space at their disposal to sport, and dismissed the rest of the curriculum in a few lines. One enthusiastic sportsman began: "I did not see the captain of the football team till the second day. Then a boy told me that was him walking along the corridor. So I went walking past him. He seems a decent sort of chap. He winked at me, and I winked back." Although the captain of the team did not know it, he had bought for a wink what his teachers would not buy in a year of effort.

A boy whose ideas and style are influenced by a football paper which he reads every Saturday expressed his thoughts in language which gives the impression that he is not the stuff of which hero-worshippers are made. "The other day I watched the team lose a match, and it served them right. The forwards haven't enough dash; the backs are too slow and lack combination (I asked him afterwards what "lack combination" means; he blushed, and then said it meant that they did not kick far enough) and the goaler—well, he's no good at all. P.S.—I'm not bad at goaling myself." He was well aware that it is not customary to put post-scripts at the end of essays, but it was the best way that he knew of calling attention to the fact that there was an obvious way of improving the team.

The feeling, on the whole, seemed to be one of contentment. The only savage attack came at the close of an otherwise placid essay: "I like this school all right, except for one thing. I think, when you've been working hard all day, home-work is a bit too thick."

Bazaars

THE popular notion of a bazaar in England is a device to promote the cause of charity, a temporary emporium in which you are cajoled into purchasing something you do not want at a price greater than you care to pay. The vicar of the parish, a local great lady, and as many pretty girls as can be commandeered to assist at the stalls are among the inevitable *dramatis personæ*, and the more brazen their activity in fleecing such as stray within the fold, the higher praise accorded in the local Press.

A bazaar in the East is a very different conception. It is permanent, for one thing, and, although excessive prices are commonly asked in the first place, these are reduced to a fraction of their original figure by a process of untiring haggling that would be considered bad form in the make-believe bazaars at home. As a matter of fact, the bazaars in Eastern cities like Cairo and Constantinople are, over and above their commercial purpose, hotbeds of intrigue and gossip. In the old days of unrest in Stamboul, when each morning brought its surprises, and we never knew from one hour to the next whether Abd-ul-Hamid was on the throne of Othman or on a steamer bound for Europe, the first act of the police, whenever the rabble

threatened to get out of hand, was to close the Bazaar. One afternoon, indeed, there was a very pretty business in that labyrinth of traders, for some ruffian rushed amid the booths, vowing that the mutineers were coming to loot. "Why do you stay here?" he cried; and portly and unwarlike merchants, gathering up their robes, fled, without a thought of their wares, in wild disorder, returning a little later to find that the false herald and his accomplices had raided their shops.

Stamboul is the playground of many tourists from the West, and the unbeliever meets with deference that is servile in proportion to his prodigality. In less tourist-ridden centres, such as Damascus and Fez, he will find himself, on the other hand, an object of either Moslem indifference or even thinly veiled hatred. In either case, unless he has a fancy for being shamelessly robbed, he must adapt himself to the peculiar conditions of retail trade in the Orient, and meet the knaves on their own ground. This is no easy and pleasant matter of shopping in Bond Street or the Avenue de l'Opéra, in the shops of which you may find exactly what you require at a moment's notice and at a price within reach of any millionaire, a price, moreover, that is fixed and not subject to bargaining. What might be the behaviour of a Bond Street jeweller if I were to offer him a sovereign for a ten guinea tie-pin, I have not the nerve to ascertain, yet such is the everyday method of trading in Eastern bazaars.

What often proves the undoing of the callow globe-trotter is the impressive dignity and easy hospitality of the shopkeeper. If the feelings of the Bond Street gentleman aforementioned were like to be somewhat ruffled, what, on the other hand, would be those of his customer if, on entering the shop, he were asked to sit down and have a cup of coffee and a cigarette before talking business? Yet this, again, is the practice in the bazaar, and the uninitiated are apt to find their commercial instinct disarmed by such unexpected entertainment. They forget that the aggregate cost of coffee and cigarette is something less than a penny, and that the host's impressive manner costs him nothing at all.

The right spirit in which to meet this splendid creature with the venerable bearing of a patriarch depends on the time at the customer's disposal. If he is simply taking a day ashore from a steamer due to sail at a fixed hour, or if his leisure is otherwise limited, he had better, in spite of the coffee and cigarette, cut the compliments and roundly offer the merchant about a third of the price asked at first. He need have no fear of insulting the trader. He might, in fact, as well try to insult a camel. He will be met by deprecatory gesture and eloquent protest; but if he shows the least sign of leaving the shop and repairing to the one opposite, his offer, or something sensibly close to it, will in all probability be accepted.

If, on the other hand, he is in no hurry, there are less amusing ways of spending an hour than in bargaining. Here, again, much of the success of the

expedition will hang on the visitor's ability to conduct his own negotiations. Interpreters notoriously sell both parties, and there are, outside Portland and Sing Sing, few blackguards to equal some of those who, in the guise of dragomans, hang around the steps of Shepheard's and the Pera Palace. These human birds of prey are invariably in league with traders in the bazaar, and actually lend themselves to certain fraudulent operations even after the purchase of silks, brassware, or other objects of native art. If, however, the traveller should have command of a modest stock of Turkish, Greek, or whatever other tongue has local currency, he may find mild diversion in beating the wily merchant down from his outrageous demands to a price which, inconceivably ludicrous by comparison, still leaves the vanquished dealer in possession of a handsome profit, and the assumption of dignity with which the greybeard tacitly accepts this proof of his predatory habits is an entertainment in itself.

To some people, no doubt, the mere process of bargaining is tedious, not to say unpleasant, and it must be admitted that only the picturesque setting of such transactions, together with a pardonable aversion from being robbed, makes it tolerable. There is always the alternative of paying, to use a vulgar expression, through the nose. Otherwise, there is nothing for it but to haggle. The ways of the East are not those of the West. There may possibly be an honest trader or two between Malta and Singapore, but the number is not great, and he who likes to get value for his money must, when visiting the bazaars, be prepared to argue the matter at some length. F. G. AFLALO.

In Fiord-Land—V

By W. H. KOEBEL

EVERYONE knows the difference between a carriol and a stolkjaerre—at least, everyone in Norway and a few hundred thousand in England! For the benefit of the unimportant remnant of humanity I will explain that a carriol seats a driver and a single passenger, while the stolkjaerre holds two in addition to the driver. The latter perches himself on a diminutive seat at the back, and he drives with his reins, so to speak, round the waists of the passengers.

These articles are not intended to be instructive, but this explanation, it appears, was inevitable. Having made it, we will return in haste to ourselves. Someone—Cook, or the farmers, or some other *Deus ex machina*—had kindly provided us with three stolkjaerres, thus throwing in an extra seat.

The drivers might have stood for three generations of the same family. There was a wiry greybeard, a middle-aged, fair-moustached man, and a youth. The ponies themselves were pictures of placid content. They looked as fat as butter, yet hard as nails—a somewhat curious combination! Later on we found out

that this was the normal condition of Norwegian horse-flesh. The fortunate creatures ranked as pets first, as draught animals second. There are some Norwegians who love their ponies better than their wives, and almost as well as ardent spirits. But even these are quite charming fellows; for a disagreeable person does not exist in Norway—whatever the outer world may do for them on their travels.

The cavalcade moved leisurely up the easy gradients of the road which led across the mountains. As we rose, the trees and bushes became a little stunted, the great patches of meadowsweet grew smaller, and the foxgloves lower and more rare. But the ferns continued as plentiful as ever, and other flowers and pines took the place of those below. Alas! I am no botanist, but there was one growth which held our eye—a lovely little grass with fluffy tassels of shining white silk. And all the while the panorama beneath was spreading, and fiord and lake, peninsula and island, lay revealed in a most dreamy and enchanting fashion.

At length we had arrived at a table-land. We climbed into the stolkjaerres, and now went pattering blithely along. Even now that we were on the level, the most tender-hearted could not complain of an unreasonable speed. The ponies jogged along comfortably and easily. There was something in their motion that continually and subtly threatened a halt. Yet this they never did—of their own accord! Sometimes, when their pace grew a little more leisured than usual, the driver would bend over his passengers, and drop the end of a long twig on the animal's quarters; on such occasions it was obvious that the pony was uncertain whether a fly had settled on him, or whether a whip had struck him.

Presently the Maid, who was travelling in the leading stolkjaerre, gave vent to a little squeak of astonishment. We beheld her pointing finger, followed its direction, and we, too, immediately became somewhat overpowered by amazement.

Seated on a carpet of verdure by the roadside was a curious object. It was human, young, and apparently of the male sex. The garments of the thing were to all appearances such as a child of tender years might reasonably wear. It was the creature's face which shocked us new-comers to Norway. That feature was sheerly monstrous. Portions of it were of a Scandinavian fairness; the rest was a curious blue-black.

The little freak was waving cheerily. We glanced surreptitiously at our drivers. Their faces were calm and unconcerned. The Maid turned to the shuddering Imp. "Is it a disease," she asked, "or—or worse?"

It was the youngest driver who solved what was beginning to take on all the appearance of a very dark mystery. Noticing our amazed countenances, he pointed to the verdure on which the child sat. It was bilberry! The little shining purple fruit was clinging in prodigious quantities to the leaves, pounds of it! It would have been rash to estimate how many berries had passed down the little lad's throat. Judging by

the coating of juice on his face, the amount must have been phenomenal.

We passed on, a little sobered, but much relieved. We jogged merrily down a lengthy incline, and then came to a point where the road began to rise again. Here we met with an instance of how the great care expended by the drivers on their ponies is fostered by the authorities. For here at the base of the hill was an official notice begging that travellers should allow their steeds to mount the incline at a walk. Now, the gradient was one which would altogether have been ignored at home in England. But the precaution was a splendid and genuine advertisement for the Norwegian heart. The ladies grew even more enthusiastic than before.

We continued on our enchanted way—by the side of copses, rocky streams, and waterfalls. To the soldier and myself all seemed very well with the world, but a little cloud had gathered on the faces of the female element, and soon a note of trouble was being bandied to and fro from one vehicle to another. A traitorous and inconsistent spirit was at hand. The Matron leaped to her feet, and balanced herself recklessly on the tiny deck of the stolkjaerre.

"If only we knew the names of these waterfalls and mountains!" she exclaimed. "Some of them *must* be famous!"

The poison was at work. They were clamouring for Baedekers, maps, and guides. We reasoned with them patiently, and, as we thought, convincingly. We showed them a perfect little cascade that came tumbling down from a plateau of rock, a delicate shaft of glittering silver. We bade them look where its end struck the earth again, and we implored them to mark the cup of verdure which ringed about the pool in its rocky bed. Mountain-ashes, and less gorgeous trees, ferns, grasses, harebells, ragged-robins, all rejoicing in their coat of glistening spray.

Supposing the thing *had* a name, we urged, would the water become a single shade more silvery, the rocks darker and more glistening, the spray more fairylike, and the verdure greener? A name, we explained, was an invention of the devil. It was a thing applied by a single vicious person in order that the rest of the world might have the trouble of remembering it. As it was, uninfluenced by any mischievous nomenclature, we were enjoying a privilege such as probably none had enjoyed since Norway became a tourist resort! We were seeing things in their own true colours—in fact, as they were!

It was no use. We might have known it. It is easier to make a rope of sand than to induce a woman to hold the thread of a really lucid argument. We proceeded on our way, but the shadow remained, with the pining for names unremoved.

In the meanwhile the Norwegian air had been working its irresistible will. We had breakfasted at seven in the morning, had begun our drive from Trengereid at a little after nine, and here was one o'clock, and no sign of lunch in sight. We plied the drivers with

questions which grew more and more eager. They replied in such limited English as was at their command. For the tenth time we listened to a promise that we should feed at Kvanskogen.

It was now two o'clock, and still no sign of Kvanskogen . . . Kvanskogen! The name came with no filling sound. As for the place itself, we began to doubt its very existence. If it had ever been, it had now undoubtedly lost itself, or we had lost it—a result which amounted to much the same thing from our point of view.

We had been ascending the easy and apparently interminable gradients of a mountain for some while. If anything, the scenery was more charming even than before. Yet we began to experience a gentle melancholy. Of what use was the finest landscape in the world if seen through eyes that hung a yard or so above a seat of emotions which was materially empty?

At length we arrived upon a plateau, and before us extended the waters of a lake. Upon the further shore stood a large wooden building. The drivers pointed in triumph. A quarter of an hour later we had arrived at the hotel of Kvanskogen; an hour later we were upon the further side of considerable quantities of salmon and other things of the kind.

As we sat on the verandah, the beauty of the landscape returned in full force, and the merits of the hotel and its attendants became transparently clear. And the two girl waitresses in their brilliant-hued peasant costumes—their command of English had been quite astonishing. We called to one, and with a smile she approached. Surely, we suggested, she must have visited England to acquire such mastery of the tongue? How long, we asked, had she been in that country?

"All my life," she added, her smile widening. "I left Newcastle for the first time six months ago to come here!"

So, it appeared, that even in Norway all things were not as they seemed!

The Leeds Festival

IT is a convention of musical journalism that at a Festival it is only the new works that matter; and in a sense there is solid foundation for the theory, because people in Hampshire, let us say, cannot be interested in knowing how ill or well "Elijah" or the "B Minor Mass" was sung in the West Riding of Yorkshire, whereas everybody who has British music at heart wants to know whether the new compositions of Dr. Smith and Mr. Jones are likely to add to their growing reputations. At the same time it does not follow that the chronicler who honestly records his own impressions would always give more prominence to the new things. Thus at Leeds the things by which the present writer was most deeply moved were all old—the "Requiem" of Verdi, of which there was a quite wonderful performance; the "B Minor Mass" of Bach,

which had some glorious moments; the opulent beauty and nervous power of the playing of "Heldenleben" by the London Symphony Orchestra under Nikisch; and the rapturous playing and singing of the latter part of Act I of "Parsifal," with Van Rooy as a worthy protagonist. The performance of the "Requiem" will undoubtedly rank as one of the finest things achieved by an English Festival for many years. The honour belongs in almost equal shares to Nikisch, the soloists, and the chorus. The soloists were Mme. Noordewier-Reddingius, Mme. de Haan Manifarges, Mr. John Coates, and Herr Van Rooy. The balance of the quartet was astonishingly fine, and the art of the two ladies, which was still more nobly shown in the "Mass" superbly fine. We should have heard them long ago, when they were in their prime and we were more in need than now of oratorio singers. We feel disposed to quote Shakespeare and exclaim, "Alas! too little and too lately known." Dr. Allen's interpretation of the "Mass" is well worth serious consideration; it is a very clever attempt to combine reverence for the composer and classical austerity with warmth and freedom of expression. It is neither academic nor sensational, and it seems very hard for conductors nowadays to avoid one or the other extreme.

A great deal might be said of many of the items in the overlong list, but it is necessary to speak of the new works, of which there were four, all native. The new "symphonic study" of Elgar—"Falstaff," to wit—was the *clou* of the Festival. It is difficult to make up one's mind about it, for it is complex both musically and intellectually, and it shows us Elgar writing in a style new to him. People have been debating hotly whether this new style is Strauss-cum-Elgar or Elgar pure and simple. Such a more or less superfluous question must be answered. One would say that, while the personality of Elgar remains unchanged, he has adopted one or two Straussian devices, and has laid out his whole composition on something of the same lines as Strauss would have done. His study of the character of Falstaff, the Falstaff of the historical dramas, not of the "Merry Wives," be it noted, is exceedingly subtle and penetrating, and Elgar makes his whole "Study" a musical picture of the gradual deterioration of a man of parts and breeding. Only later hearings will settle for us, or enable us to settle for ourselves, the question whether the four sections are overloaded with incident, whether they are perfect in their proportions, or perfectly proportioned to each other. Some things can be said definitely at once. Elgar's mastery of scoring has seldom shown itself more convincingly, and in some passages he is quite at his best. Among such may be mentioned the progress of Henry V to Westminster, the death of Falstaff, Falstaff dreaming of himself as "page to the Duke of Norfolk," the scene in Shallow's orchard, and, perhaps best of all, the march of the ragged army. It is best to leave "Falstaff" at that, till we have heard it again.

Mr. Hamilton Harty's "Mystic Trumpeter" is full

of vigour and sanity, and has no Celtic idiom. He has chosen wisely, it seems, to interpret Walt Whitman without too great subtlety: it is the picturesqueness rather than the psychology of the text that seems to have appealed to him. The final "Pæan to Joy" is very robust, but so is the text; and the dirge and the section which deal with the pageantry of the Middle Ages are very effective. It is written for the chorus in a way that chorus-singers love, for it gives them ample opportunities, and they accordingly sang it with immense zest. Dr. Basil Harwood's setting of Milton's "On May Morning" is the work of a musician with an unusually refined sense of style. The music reflects very skilfully some of the pictures of the Miltonic muse, and has a certain austere grace which is very appropriate. Mr. George Butterworth's Rhapsody, "A Shropshire Lad," is a piece with no very exalted ambition, and succeeds—where many a more pretentious work fails—in pleasing, because the composer does not tax his resources too severely. He has a delicate sense of orchestral colour and atmosphere, and altogether he introduced himself to notice very auspiciously.

The Theatre

"The Laughing Husband" at the New Theatre

THIS essentially musical comedy by Edmund Eysler is something of a new departure in the beauty and delicacy of its numbers, the completeness of the plot and the rather disturbing note of sincerity in the pathos. There has long been room for some such development in this class of work, but during the first two acts of Mr. Arthur Wimperis' adaptation of "Der Lachende Ehemann" by Mr. Julius Brammer and Mr. Alfred Grunwald there were moments of confusion and notes of surprise. But the whole play, with its joyous and farcical last act, is sure to take the popular taste. For Mr. Wimperis gives us plenty of verbal wit and the German author's situations and characters are full of quaint merriment and lively action, and then the music is beautiful, and then there is Mr. Courtice Pounds.

Few artists, in our recollection, have improved so much with the passage of time as Mr. Pounds. There is certainly no other actor on our stage who sings with so much skill and grace, nor any other accomplished singer who acts with such perfect accomplishment and light authority as he does in "The Laughing Husband."

One good actor and singer does not make a play, but in the present case there is good support. For example, Mr. George Carvey, as a professional Lothario in what is called love with Hella, the wife of the laughing husband, acts with pleasing vivacity and sings with enthusiasm. Perhaps Mr. Edmund Goulding as Lutz Nachtigall, another lover of another

wife, seemed amateurish or careless on the first night, but he was at least light-hearted and helped after his own fashion.

Miss Daisie Irving, as the beautiful German wife, of rather Teutonic outline, sang with sincerity and skill the sometimes difficult music which Mr. Eysler provides. Miss Mabel Burneje, as another complicated wife, sang and danced well and looked very charming. Miss Violet Gould, as Lucinda, the cousin of Ottakar, the husband who laughs first and last, had no intention of looking that, but she succeeded in making her not too comic part very amusing. As for the rest, they are all quite good, with the exception of Mr. James Blakeley, who does not appear until the last act, when he is quite splendid. In this scene, Dr. Rosenrot's office, he, as the lawyer, puts all the unfortunate love affairs and complications in order. His methods are full of gay ingenuity, and his manner will delight the lovers of musical comedy. Good as are all the others, Mr. Blakeley makes the last act tell throughout by reason of his adroit characterisation and restrained vivacity.

We suppose the duets, "Do As Your Father Tells You" and "Little Miss Understood" will prove extremely popular, with Mr. Courtice Pounds' "Rhine Wine" song—which, by the way, is sung by Ottakar to his old friend Pipelhuber, Mr. Williams, an important person in the plot, *apropos* of some bottles of Moselle. But in the music there is very much that is fresh, melodious, and clever. Perhaps, for its public, the numbers are a little too informed and brilliant. In any case, the musical comedy audience will soon be enthusiastic about its charm, and Mr. Faraday will have the pleasure of knowing that he has advanced their taste by the successful introduction of Mr. Eysler's work to the English stage.

"The New Duke" at the Comedy Theatre

THOSE charming friends, the spirits of Farce and Comedy, go hand in hand through Mr. Douglas Murray's ingenious play. It more than hints of the queer and disappointing science of eugenics, but its main aim is fun and satire, laughter and the light criticism of life.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith is Professor Herbert Ansell, a distant relation of the nineteenth Duke of Chuffam, whom he quite unexpectedly succeeds. Imagine him as a simple, rather elderly man, somewhat delicate in health, learned, and with a marked dislike for women, who finds himself thrust away from his own interests into the centre—but not the heart—of the family reigned over by the extremely unpleasant mother of the late duke, not a very real personage, but made as possible as can be by the cultivated art of Miss Mary Rorke. Everybody that matters is disgusted with the new duke; he is bullied

by the dowager, and generally made so uncomfortable, especially by the idea that he must marry at once and carry on the line of Ansell, that he can only think of running away. His two friends from his university can be of little use to him, until a doctor suggests that he shall live on sixpence a day and earn it. This happy idea enables him to fly from the ducal family and Lady Maud Chumley, a very coming-on person of family as played by Miss Drucilla Wills, who has been chosen by the awful duchess as his future wife.

Thus we get to a cottage in Kent, where the duke, with one faithful manservant, is steadily going back to the land and feeling quite fit and happy. But the duchess and Lady Maud, whom he dreads, discover him after six weeks, and to be rid of them he promises his friends that he will marry the first woman who enters his door. Fortunately this is not the charwoman, Mrs. Roger—a constant source of delight in the hands of Miss Mary Brough—but her beautiful, strong, ill-bred, 'cute, and rather common daughter, Lizzie, played with sureness and brilliancy by Miss Dorothy Drake.

The friends of the duke arrange the marriage with the man she takes to be Herbert Ansell. Eugenically she is just what is wanted. So the duke marries Lizzie to get rid of his family and acquire a new one, and Lizzie marries 'Erbert because he will provide for her mother and herself—it is explained that he is rich.

Twelve months afterwards, twin-sons are born to the house of Ansell, and matters are cleared up in the duke's town house. The elder duchess is delighted with the sons, but when she learns who is the new Duchess of Chuffam her rage is terrible. The rather happy result of this anger is that she, her whole family, and every one of the servants, from the groom of the chambers even unto the personal servant, Blake, so convincingly played by Mr. Robert Horton, and the two nurses, disappear from the duke's town house, and leave him with the babies and the new duchess to find out that they are fond of each other and can manage their own affairs.

Throughout the play, Mr. Weedon Grossmith is admirable, and just as convincing as a farce will allow him to be. A great point is made of the fact that he does not look like a duke in any way; as a matter of fact, with a slightly different make-up, he is extremely like a well-known one who reigns in considerable magnificence. Miss Brough helps the play immensely in her broad, effective way; Miss Rorke makes the elder duchess distinguished and pointed; Miss Dorothy Drake as Lizzie Rogers, who becomes the mother of a future line of dukes, plays with the greatest tact and zeal and charm. She is also more beautiful than any duchess, save one, that we have known.

We venture to think that "The New Duke" deserves every sort of success, but, judging by the house on the second night, as viewed from the hindmost row of the dress circle, we should say that it had not then begun to prosper exceedingly.

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"Collision" at the Vaudeville Theatre

THERE is always a new management here; the playgoer can be assured of an entirely fresh dish to tempt his palate every time he visits the theatre.

On this occasion, Mr. Frederick Whelen, whom one used to know at His Majesty's, we think, and the popular, if to us unattractive, actor, Mr. Norman McKinnel, are the adventurers. They will not, we anticipate, seriously spoil the tradition of short runs with the aid of Miss Bridget Maclagan's four acts of rather pretentious balderdash. "Collision," if it means anything, shows, what was already pretty well known, that it is a very difficult job for England to rule in India, and it presents us to a number of English and Oriental characters which are ineffective on the stage, but real enough, no doubt, with the exception of Imogen Daunt, Miss Alice Crawford, who does not appear to be a very human person. Mr. Leslie Carter, as Trotter, a Socialist and reformer and a tool of some Indian faction, shouts a good deal, and both Mr. McKinnel, as Colonel Digby, and Miss Crawford seemed to have strayed from some old-world melodrama. Miss Grace Lane, as the long-suffering wife of the colonel, suggested sincere and pathetic comedy, and Mr. Malcolm Cherry, as Kashi Ram Choula, M.D., gave a splendid reading of a difficult part, just as Miss Suzanne Sheldon held us with her fine impersona-

tion of a wicked Indian lady who is called Mrs. Badri Nath.

But it is difficult to take the play seriously, because, without a careful study of the novel on which it is founded, the whole affair is utterly unconvincing. Theatricality usurps the place of drama; talk about affairs, in regard to which we are not informed, confuses the action; and in the end we have only arrived at the facts that the problem of Indian government is very troublesome, that Mrs. Digby is unfortunate in having a husband who is extremely important and sometimes mad, and that Miss Daunt is a person of "appalling beauty," who is a great nuisance to everybody she comes in contact with, especially to Colonel and Mrs. Digby, to Mr. Vernon Steel, who looks very handsome as Bobbie Concannon, P.W.C., and to the excellent Kashi Ram Choula, and, perhaps, to some of the audience.

The play, which we suppose is intended to restate the hundred-year-old story of the collision between East and West, defies critical consideration, because it is formless, vague, and unreal, but obviously loaded with good intentions and great effort. The production and the scenery are good, and the minor parts, of which there are many, are all admirably performed. "Collision" suggests a sort of nightmare of what might have been a good play had it chanced to be written by an accomplished dramatist.

EGAN MEW.

"The Last Days of Pompeii" at the West End Cinema

THE production at a cinematograph theatre of a film like "The Last Days of Pompeii" shows to what an enormous extent this art has developed since the days of the few moving pictures shown at the end of a music-hall performance. Some of the scenes in the drama, presented for the first time on Monday evening, are very fine indeed, those representing the amphitheatre and the arena during the march past of the gladiators and the combat of horsemen being especially good. Many hundreds of persons must have been engaged to make these pictures, and they do great credit to their director. The scenes at the destruction of the city are exciting and terrible, but in parts there is a suspicion—certainly only a very small one—that the rushing about of the excited citizens is just a little overdone, and it is not difficult to name the substance of the pillars as they fall to the ground. A little revision of the spelling and composition would be well, but with these small reservations there is nothing but praise to bestow on the beautiful attempt to bring yet another notable work before the general public.

Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. announce that they will shortly publish a new book by Captain Brereton, entitled "King of Ranleigh." This writer for boys has usually written stories of adventure; this is his first school story.

Photographs at the Goupil Gallery

THE collection of photogravure proofs by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, on view at the Goupil Gallery during the greater part of this month, is well worth prolonged study by those interested in literature and art. Mr. Coburn is an artist and strives to impart originality, a personal touch, to every subject which his camera faces; he succeeds admirably without any evidence of straining after effect. The thirty-three portraits of men well-known are excellent. Meredith, Henry James, Sir J. Barrie, "Mark Twain," Robert Bridges, all the groups, in fact, are presented with results that leave no doubt as to Mr. Coburn's almost affectionate careful consideration of the principal aspect of each one.

His landscapes at present shown are all of America—the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite Valley. It is difficult to select any for special comment, where all are so good. In some—"The Departing Storm," "The Great Cloud," "The Pillar Cumulus"—the cloud effects are startling in their beauty; in others the sense of dizzy heights and profound shadowy depths is tremendous. A few views of New York "from its pinnacles" may perhaps be accused by some of too much kinship with the "freak" picture; at any rate the extraordinary results seem to warrant the daring experiment. They are striking, if not strictly beautiful. Mr. Coburn's work shows what can be accomplished by an artistic mind working in sympathy with the often mis-handled craft of photography, and it should be widely known.

Notes for Collectors

PIRANESI—II

THE life of this remarkable artist and engraver, on whose works we wrote a few notes last week, reminds one to some extent of his earlier fellow-countryman and craftsman Benvenuto Cellini. Unfortunately, we have no such curious autobiography of the later artist as of the worker in gold, but we are inclined to think the handsome, imaginative and vain Giovanni had many such adventures as befell the braggadocio Benvenuto. His life, in any case, was full of disputes and victories, failures and warm affection. He was born in Venice in 1720 and he died in 1778, so that his work was done in a period especially suitable for the revival of classic severity and antique grace.

His bold etchings, which number between one and two thousand, were epoch-making; their influence, so powerful in the eighteenth century, is clearly felt to-day in the classic character of many public buildings throughout the western world and America.

He was like his work, beautiful, fulfilled with energy, carelessly bold and highly accomplished. No one approached his skill in his own day, and before his death, and ever since, his long list of plates have been a mine from which the decorative artists and architects have taken thousands of ideas and a multi-

tude of designs. Piranesi collected and set forth such a wealth of classic lore that little has been left for those who followed him but to adapt and, perhaps, improve his remarkable drawings. It has been said that he was by no means absolutely correct in his etchings of historic ruins, but that fact only makes the impressions of his plates more interesting to the collector. "Is it unpardonable," asks Mr. Arthur Samuel, from whose charming work we have already quoted, "to make the mistake of discussing him simply as an artist and an etcher, as a defiant, intolerant, industrious, inspired producer of etchings of which the best are of wonderful merit?" We hold that that is the only way in which we should think of him, and that in collecting his work we should merely seek for those examples which appeal most to our æsthetic sense and not trouble in any way as to whether the plates we choose are improvisations or incorrectly historical drawings. One point for collectors is, however, very important, and that is the obtaining of such prints as were taken from his plates in his own day in Rome—where especially thick paper was made for them—and not from the same etchings after they had been carried to Paris and were no longer fresh and brilliant. This matter will make the search after Piranesi prints very much more difficult, but it will repay the labour. Apart from the subject, which is an essential matter, of course, the "state" must always be the chief concern of the connoisseur. So many impressions were taken from Piranesi's plates that it would be easy to have an enormous collection of his prints and still not possess one really worth the trouble of owning. E. M.

The Prophet's Beard

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

THERE was a man in the kingdom of Micomicon who often went into the woods that enfolded his native village. He would sometimes be gone for hours, and when he returned he was generally very silent. This tendency, even among the least observing, could not pass unnoticed; and the people began to tittle-tattle about it. Some of them said it was unhealthy, others said it could not be that, because up in the woods he was bound to be breathing fresh air; and though most of the villagers never opened their windows, lest their little curtains might be soiled by dust raised by passing vehicles, they knew that fresh air was good for the physique. Someone suggested that perhaps he was meeting a girl from some other village, and courting her there—and that suggestion made the young men wink at each other, and the girls titter, and the religious old women shake their heads and say it should be looked into. The cobbler said it was nobody's business.

But all the tittle-tattle began to make the young man self-conscious. The gay young men, when they met him and told him stories of their philanderings, only to find that he was not interested, used to nudge each other

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and say: "Isn't he sanctimonious?" He was no great hand at helping the girls to feel that they charmed him, so they now began to tilt their noses at him more markedly. As he would often not look at them at all they pretended to be too virtuous to look other than haughtily on a young man of whom they had been told—they could not just say what—but it wasn't nice. The religious old women watched him circumspectly for signs of depravity and, when they could not lead him into giving evidence of any, thought he was very cunning. The old men looked at him with interest. Some said: "O, he's all right." Others said: "Of course you never know."

"Well, hang it all," said the cobbler, "it's his own affair."

Then one day the young man commenced to tell stories of dreams he had in the woods, and to narrate fancies that came to him there for making life better. His fancies seemed as precious to him as a religion. The old men heard all he had to say and weighed it and discussed it in the barber's shop, in the manner of debating societies, and felt very wise and judicial. They said he was a clever youngster, and certainly had something in his head. The girls decided that he was conceited and an ass. The young men thought he was trying to pose before the old men as a prodigy. The old women said he should be at the service in the church instead of sitting on fallen trees in the wilderness-woods inventing religions. It was the cobbler who was

to blame for that saying of the old women—for the cobbler, in defending the young man among the gossipers, said that he was not talking rubbish, anything but rubbish, almost a religion.

Indeed, it was a religion to the young man; and he preached it to the people without any pretence that it was only an entertainment. And everybody except the friendly cobbler gave him the cold shoulder in one way or another. At last they began to be unpleasant to the cobbler too. That settled the young man. When he perceived that his friend was to share in the signs of distrust and contumely, he left the village.

He intended never to come back. But he had an idea when passing through the woods, going away for good, and he stopped and considered it. The result of his consideration was that he waited in the woods, living on herbs and nuts till his hair grew long and his beard grew.

Then he went back to the village, beating a drum made out of a gourd, and everyone flocked to hear him. And no one recognised him. He preached just what he had preached before, and they all hailed him as a great prophet.

But the cobbler said: "You fools! This prophet is saying the very things that you drove that young chap out of the village for saying."

"O," they said, "that's all very well. But that young man was only So-and-So, son of So-and-So. He was an upstart. Look at this man's prophetic beard."

The cobbler, feeling everyone against him, could not sleep that night. The villagers got on his nerves. He even sat up in bed and swore at the inhabitants and said: "Humanity! Humanity! What a collection of fools!"

And in his anger against these villagers he struck upon an idea, as he sat up in bed swearing at them—for he was an excitable man. When he remembered, too late, things that he could have said in debates now past, he used to repeat the conversation in the darkness, with his own crushing rejoinder (that came too late), and wish he was quicker of wit. His only consolation was that quick wit is often faulty, and that the sound argument comes through thought. It was because his arguments were the sound fruits of meditation that he only thought of the rejoinder long after the flashy debate was over, at night, when he lay awake.

At any rate he got up and found a pair of scissors and crept through the dark village to the house where the prophet lodged rent free with a woman who felt she was amply repaid by the envy of the other women who wanted to entertain the prophet. The cobbler went in like a burglar; and before the prophet knew that what was happening to him was reality and not a nightmare, the cobbler had clutched his throat to prevent him shouting. He gagged him and tied him down, all in the dark, and cut his hair and his beard.

"There's the dam' beard!" he said when he had finished; and away he went, feeling that he had avenged his old friend that the village had driven away.

Thus it was that the old women had the best of it,

because, next day, when the prophet (who had wriggled himself free) appeared in the street and tried to carry the thing off, everybody recognised him, and nobody would listen to him any more. When he explained how some awful form had sprung on him in the night they began to stone him, and they stoned him to death. The old women said it was God who had cut off his beard to let the villagers know that he was Antichrist. The old men, in discussing that suggestion, found that the old women were illogical, for how could he be Antichrist when he had been proved only the young man So-and-So, son of So-and-So, masquerading! But they did not think it worth while to explain to the old women that their idea was absurd, now that the fellow was dead anyhow.

The cobbler arrived too late on the outskirts of the crowd to see what was afoot till the stoning was over. He is a very thoughtful man as he sits all day, his mouth full of sprigs, hammering away in his little shop.

Notes and News

Professor T. G. Bonney, who was the President of the British Association in 1910, has just completed a new work entitled "The Present Relations of Science and Religion," which is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Robert Scott.

A one-volume book on furniture, copiously illustrated and published at a reasonable price, has been prepared for Messrs. Chatto and Windus by Miss Esther Singleton, who is known for other works on special styles and periods. It is to appear this week.

Mr. Walter Kilroy Harris, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I., whose book, "Outback in Australia, or Three Australian Overlanders," has been very favourably reviewed by the London and provincial Press, leaves England by the *Indrapura*, sailing October 14, in charge of a party of "British Lad" immigrants for Victoria.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces for immediate publication a new volume of sketches by Mr. William Woodroffe, entitled "A Visit to Venice." The book is attractively illustrated, and is in part an endeavour by the author to promote a feeling of kindness and consideration to animals.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's new volume of prose fiction will be published by Messrs. Macmillan on October 24. It consists of eleven short stories, and one extending to more than a hundred pages, which have hitherto appeared only in periodicals. The scene throughout is, of course, Wessex.

The Central Executive Committee of the Victoria League offers a prize of twenty-five pounds for the best design for a banner, which shall be held for a year by that branch of the League in the British Isles which shall have been awarded the best certificate for all-round work during the previous twelve months. Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Millbank House, 2, Wood Street, Westminster, S.W.

Amongst the interesting announcements by Mr. Heinemann this week is a book for children by Flora Annie Steel entitled "The Adventures of Akbar." Akbar, it will be remembered, succeeded to his father's throne when a child, and after a stormy boyhood rose to be almost the greatest Emperor that the world has ever known. Mr. Byam Shaw has added a number of coloured plates to the text.

Messrs. Andrew Melrose, Ltd., announce for immediate publication in their "New Novelist Library" "The Masterdillo," by an anonymous writer; also "The Scarlet Rider," by Bertha Runkle, author of "The Helmet of Navarre." An important book, "The Reminiscences of Saint Gaudens," in two volumes, will also appear in the early days of October, and "Rome versus Jesus," by E. M. Beardsley, immediately.

In response to numerous requests it has been decided to defer the closing of the Historical Medical Museum until October 31. During the month of October it will remain open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily and from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Saturdays. After this date it will be closed for a few months for rearrangement as a permanent museum. It is proposed to reopen the museum in its permanent form in the spring of next year.

Mr. Archibald B. Spens is now engaged on a novel of Indian life, which is the outcome of a winter trip through that country. The date of publication is not yet announced, but in the meanwhile a description of Mr. Spens' travels is to be issued at once by Stanley Paul and Co., under the title "A Winter in India." In this he describes a journey in which he followed the track of the Indian Mutiny, visiting its battlefields and fortresses.

Among the numerous biographies to be published this autumn "The Life and Letters of the Fourth Earl of Clarendon," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, should be especially noted. Lord Clarendon's contemporaries, including Charles Greville, anticipated that the letters, when published, would throw fresh light upon many topics of the period. They contain, moreover, much personal gossip of an entertaining character. Mr. Edward Arnold is the publisher.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES.—The Guild, in conjunction with the committee of the Kensington Centre, has pleasure in announcing that a course of twenty-four lectures on English Literature (from Dryden to Burke) will be delivered in the Jehangier Hall, University of London, Imperial Institute Road, South Kensington, by Professor William Henry Hudson, on Wednesday afternoons, at 3 o'clock, from October 1, 1913, to March 25, 1914. Many other most interesting lectures and courses are announced also.

Special interest attaches to an exposition and criticism of Revolutionary Syndicalism which Messrs. P. S. King and Son will shortly publish. The author, Dr. J. A. Estey, aims at explaining what Syndicalism is, what changes it would make in existing society, and how it would bring those changes about. Considerable space has been devoted to aspects of Syndicalism of interest from a theoretic standpoint; the various ideas of the general strike from the practical programmes of working leaders to the philosophic abstractions of

George Sorel; and the relation of Syndicalism to Anarchism. Professor L. Lovell Price contributes an informing preface.

For the past three years a branch of the work of the Lille University has been carried on at Marble Arch House—one of the best centres of London for the classes to be considered. It is also connected with the Paris University and receives a financial recognition from the French Government. The members of both sexes, English and French, meet daily in the most agreeable of social surroundings, and virtually exchange views under the supervision of skilled university experts. The Institute is under the patronage of the Princess Christian and the French Ambassador, and the administrative council includes Lord Swaythling, Right Hon. A. H. Dyke Acland, Sir Thomas Barclay, Sir G. Askwith and Mr. Bonar Law. Well-known literary men also figure in the same list—W. L. Courtney, Edmund Gosse, Frederic Harrison, and others.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER, KING EDWARD'S WING.—A strong committee, mainly consisting of old students, is about to issue a special appeal, with a view, in the first place, of collecting the balance of £1,685 still required to complete the £5,000 necessary to secure the advance of a similar sum from the Development Fund for erection of King Edward's Wing. When this sum has been subscribed, the appeal will still be continued so as to provide for further much needed extensions. The members of the committee are the Right Hon. Earl Curzon of Kedleston, the Right Hon. Viscount Milner, Sir J. Bowen Bowen-Jones, Bart., M.R.A.C., Sir J. Muir Mackenzie, K.C.S.I., M.R.A.C., the Hon. Ben Bathurst, M.P., M.R.A.C., Charles Bathurst, Esq., M.P., M.R.A.C., Capt. Archibald Weigall, M.P., M.R.A.C., S. Beven, Esq., F.S.I., T. A. Dickson, Esq., M.R.A.C., F.S.I., Stanley Hicks, Esq., M.R.A.C., F.S.I., Arthur W. Sutton, Esq., S. R. Vernon, Esq., M.R.A.C., Principal Ainsworth-Davis, M.A., and Alexander Goddard, Esq., M.R.A.C. (Hon. Secretary of Committee, Surveyors' Institution, 12, Great George Street, Westminster).

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

YUAN SHIH-KAI, FIRST PRESIDENT OF CHINA

THE election of Yuan Shih-kai to be the first President of the Chinese Republic, must be regarded in the light of a great personal triumph. Thus, as we have all along predicted would be the case, when the hour of the nation's choice came, no other man emerged with superior claims to office. Naturally the enemies of the President have not been slow to make capital out of the suggestion that, in order to secure return, he stooped to purchase two hundred votes. As to whether or not this charge is true, we have at present no means of judging. But to everyone acquainted with Oriental politics the possibility of corruption in such connection will not appear to be remote. At the same time it is highly probable that the offence was not confined altogether to Yuan

Shih-kai's party. Any criticism that may be directed against the method of election is insignificant in consequence compared with the tremendous importance of the result. That China should have secured the services of the one man capable of guiding her destinies during the period of crisis thwart with the greatest peril is an event of world-wide importance. The Great Powers, believing at last that there is stability in the new régime, have formally recognised the Republic, and, therefore, it may be said that from to-day China embarks upon a new era. If disruption is to be averted, then it becomes essential that all internal differences be composed without delay.

It cannot be denied that the firm policy pursued by Yuan Shih-kai in the recent past has placed him under suspicion, and, now that he has secured formal election to office, the difficulties that beset his position are bound to multiply. In many quarters a feeling of disappointment prevails as to the little progress to be recorded, and this disappointment finds vent in bitter criticism of the President. Young China, ignoring national tradition and the character of the masses, vainly imagined that it was only necessary to adopt a Republican form of Government in order to cure all the ills with which the land was afflicted. It was left for Yuan Shih-kai to face the realities of the situation. Because he dealt sternly with the malcontents he has been accused of selfishness and despotism. Again and again he has been told that he was employing the banner of the Republic as a cloak for his own personal ends, and not a few people, having intimate knowledge of conditions in China, imagined that he was paving the way for the restoration of the Monarchy. So widespread did anxiety on this score become that Yuan Shih-kai himself undertook a reply to the charges levelled against his policy. In a picturesquely worded document now before us, he declared:—

Once again my fellow countrymen honoured me with the pressing request that I should again assume a heavy burden, and on the day on which the republic was proclaimed I announced to the whole nation that never again shall a monarchy be permitted in China. At my inauguration I again took this solemn oath in the sight of heaven above and earth beneath. Yet of late ignorant persons in the provinces have fabricated wild rumours to delude men's minds, and have adduced the career of the First Napoleon on which to base their erroneous speculations. It were best not to inquire as to their motives; in some cases misconception may be the cause, in others deliberate malice. The Republic has now been proclaimed for six months; so far there is no prospect of recognition from the Powers, while order is far from being restored in the provinces. Our fate hangs upon a hair; the slightest negligence may forfeit all. I, who bear this arduous responsibility, feel it my bounden duty to stand at the helm in the hope of successfully breasting the wild waves. But while those in office are striving with all their might to effect a satisfactory solution, spectators seem to find a difficulty in maintaining a generous forbearance. They forget that I, who have received this charge from my countrymen, cannot possibly look dispassionately on when the fate of the nation is in the

balance. If I were aware that the task was impossible and played a part of easy acquiescence, so that the future of the Republic might become irreparable, others might not reproach me, but my own conscience would never leave me alone. My thoughts are manifest in the sight of high heaven. But at this season of construction and dire crisis how shall these mutual suspicions find a place? Once more I issue this announcement; if you, my fellow-countrymen, do indeed place the safety of China before all other considerations, it behoves you to be large-minded. Beware of lightly heeding the plausible voice of calumny, and of thus furnishing a medium for fostering anarchy. If evilly-disposed persons, who are bent on destruction, seize the excuse for sowing dissension to the jeopardy of the situation, I, Yuan Shih-kai, shall follow the behest of my fellow countrymen in placing such men beyond the pale of humanity. A vital issue is involved. It is my duty to lay before you my inmost thought so that suspicion may be dissipated. "Those who know have the right to impose their censure." It is for public opinion to judge. Such is my announcement, and I ask you to take due note.

The declaration of policy set forth above is indeed noteworthy. It is clear that Yuan Shih-kai intends to remain loyal to Republican principles. On the other hand, he is not afraid to hint that he will employ the executioner's knife as a means of suppressing rebellion. We may therefore conclude that the Chinese Republic will be like no other existing Republic; it will, in short, be peculiarly Chinese in character. Western critics, unable to comprehend fully the problems that are to be faced, will err grievously if they hastily decide that democratic government under these circumstances is farcical. China is suffering now from the effects of 2,000 years of tyrannical despotism. The masses are as yet wholly unfitted for political liberty in the sense that this is understood in Europe. That they will have a large measure of control over their own affairs under the régime of Yuan Shih-kai is beyond doubt. But if they are to be saved from the evils of political exploitation, then it becomes essential that they be submitted to some form of benevolent despotism, such as that which Yuan Shih-kai intends to adopt.

MOTORING

SHOULD the legal limit on the speed of motor-cars be abolished in this country? This vexed and much-debated question is again raised by the *Daily Mail* in a leading article based upon a reference made by the City Recorder the other day to the necessity for further legislation in respect of motor-cars. Without absolutely committing itself in favour of complete removal of all arbitrary restrictions on speed, our contemporary's arguments all tend in that direction, and it may be worth while to briefly examine them. "Experience," says the editorial in question, "has shown that the mere pace at which a car is travelling is no criterion of its danger or otherwise to the public. There are stretches of open country where a speed of double the

legal maximum involves no risk whatever to anyone except the occupants of the car; and there are other and more crowded areas where ten miles an hour is an excessive and unwarrantable speed that the law ought not to sanction. The fact is that the only rational basis for regulating the speed of motor-cars is the degree of danger to the public, that this degree varies according to circumstances, and that no arbitrary enforcement of a maximum and minimum rate of travel will ever 'hit it off.' A car driven to the public danger is a car driven to the public danger, whatever the speed at which it is proceeding." A reference is also made to France, where the above principle "governs in fact, if not in theory," and where, as a consequence, "absurd police traps" are conspicuous by their absence.

All the above is perfectly true, but it is also a lot of platitudinous verbosity, embodying an illogical inference which is quite unworthy of our usually clear reasoning contemporary. Everybody knows that mere speed in itself does not constitute danger to the public, and that in certain circumstances and certain places—say, in the Sahara Desert, or even on the Brooklands track—a car may be driven at 100 miles per hour with perfect safety, to the general public at any rate. Everybody knows also that in other circumstances and places there may be danger in driving at even the slowest speeds. But to argue from this that excessive speed on such roads as we have in this country is not always a *factor*, and a very important one, in danger to others is absurd. The greater the speed, the less the control, and even on roads where it may appear quite safe to "let her rip" at 60 or 70 miles an hour, the unexpected may arise. Our contemporary assumes, moreover, that the reduced limit is the only safeguard provided by the law against reckless driving. But it must know that "driving to the public danger" is, and always has been, an offence, irrespective of the fixed speed limits at present imposed. Again, if the object were to establish an unprejudiced analogy, the reference to France should have been accompanied by a statement of the differences existing between the conditions in that country and this. In the first place the roads of France are notoriously wider, better, and more adapted to fast traffic than our own; and in the second place, the motor movement is ten years older there than it is here, with the result that both motorists and the public have had a much longer time to adapt themselves to the new mode of locomotion. The whole subject is a difficult one, but the present writer's personal opinion is that the time is not yet ripe for the removal of all restrictions on speed in this country, that any such step would be promptly followed by a serious increase in the number of motor accidents, and that another result would be a rapid development of the anti-motoring feeling which still permeates a large section of the community.

Certificate of Performance No. 389, issued by the Royal Automobile Club under date of the 3rd inst., relates to what must surely be the severest test to which any motor-car has ever been subjected. The trial in



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question was that of one of the new 30-35 h.p. six-cylinder Napiers which are to be on sale to the public for the first time at the forthcoming Olympia Show, and consisted of a fortnight's continuous climbing of the steepest passes in the Alps and the Dolomites, under the constant observation of an official of the Club. The following particulars, extracted from the official certificate, will enable anyone to form some idea of the extraordinary efficiency of this latest production of the Napier factory:—Running weight of car, 5,088 lbs. (over 2½ tons); total distance, 2,106 miles; average speed, 20.3 miles per hour; fuel consumption, 18.09 miles per gallon, or 41 ton-miles per gallon. On the last day but one of the trial there was a stop of 2 min. 8 sec. to tighten one of the bolts holding the petrol tank, but apart from this there was not a single involuntary stop during the whole fortnight of incessant mountain-climbing, and even the radiator was not once replenished. After the road trial, the car was brought back to England and driven to the Brooklands track, where it covered the flying half-mile at a speed of 62.61 miles per hour. A little consideration of the above figures, combined with the fact that the trial included over 66,000 feet of mountain-climbing, is sufficient to show that the 30-35 h.p. Napier will be, not only one of the sensations of Olympia, but one of the most popular models of 1914 for those who can afford six-cylinder luxury.

R. B. HITHERSAY.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

A CURIOUS resignation to fate has come over the City. There is no business, but there are no longer any complaints. Foolish people declare that we are passing through a worse time than that which followed the Baring Crisis. That is absurd. There has been no crisis, only our over-production of paper; but up to the present everyone has been well able to pay his way. The few accounts that have been arranged are hardly worth consideration. I repeat that there has been no crisis. We narrowly escaped one. There is still a chance that one may occur, for the banks and promoters appear insatiate. They go on bringing out loans day by day regardless of the fact that the public is apathetic. Shortly we shall reach a point of saturation, underwriters will underwrite no more and bankers will take in no more pawned stock. But the savings of this country are so enormous and our wealth so prodigious that I do not anticipate any crisis, only a cessation of new issues and a period of continued dullness.

This week has seen the British Columbia Electric offer £650,000 4½ per Cent. Debentures at 88. The concern is well managed and the bonds are a good security. The Piccadilly Hotel offered £200,000 Participating 6 per Cent. Debentures which, if the profits of this fashionable hotel continue, should yield 8½. They seem fairly well secured and a good speculation. The Buenos Ayres Lacroze Tramways is a much more solid concern than the Anglo Argentine Trams and has offered £500,000 5 per Cent. Debentures. The trouble with all tramway securities is that the Tube and the motor-bus compete on better terms. In Buenos Ayres there is likely to be very severe competition. Holbrook's sauce ask for £20,000 in 5s. ordinary shares at 12s. 6d. premium. The company makes such large profits that one is surprised first that they should need the money, secondly that they should underwrite at such a high figure and thirdly that they should spend so much to get so little. The Province of Alberta offered a million 4½ per Cent. Bonds at 95, and the City of Vancouver £461,200 4½ per Cent. Bonds at 95 also. Thus both province and town rate their credit at the same value. But the public is not anxious to lend Canada any more money just yet.

MONEY.—The Bank Rate went up somewhat suddenly last Thursday. The big cotton crop in Egypt and the high price means about forty millions sterling, and of this some eight or nine millions are needed in Egypt at once. The position of the American banks is not over strong. The Bank of England had therefore no choice but to raise the rate at once. It is hardly likely to come down before next February. But if all goes well we may get through without any further advance. France, Germany, and Russia **need money, but perhaps** all will be arranged between the Bank of France and the Bank of Russia, both of which hold very large stocks of bullion.

FOREIGNERS.—The position in Paris is not pleasant. The French bankers have lent far too much and they may find great difficulty in placing the various loans. Servia says she will come first. But the great national loan will be the one to lead the way. Then there are various Russian railway loans. The Italian loan and all the Balkan State loans. Between now and Christmas a huge sum of money now lying in French banks as Treasury Bills will

be turned into bonds and an attempt made to place these bonds amongst the French investing public. The position is not pleasant. Frankly, all the Balkan States are now bankrupt, and none of them can pass more than three or four years before they compound with their creditors. The Paris market does not like the position at all. There is no speculation, even Tintos are abandoned in spite of the supposed impregnable position of copper, and though it is said that Rothschilds are buying De Beers, even this does not give any heart to the market.

HOME RAILS remain stagnant. The traffics show a decided falling away in trade. This is borne out by the Board of Trade returns. Nevertheless I expect that when the accounts for the whole year are presented all the railways will show such results as they have never shown before. Then the public will come in and buy, when it is too late. This they always do. The syndicate that was buying Dover A and Little Chats appears to have stopped operations. Kent Coal questions appear to be upon the point of settlement. Mr. Arthur Burr will not appear on the prospectus. Dr. Malcolm Burr will take his place. The Board is to be a strong one, and there seems some chance of Kent Coal being at last placed upon a sound and understandable basis. In five years' time Dover A might go to par, but not sooner.

YANKEES.—The Union Pacific board have cut no melon. But apparently the matter was duly considered—and shelved. The money received for the sale of Northern Pacific will probably be used for the purchase of Central Pacific. President Ripley of Atchison has declared that his company will not spend a single penny more than they are obliged, and will practise strict economy. As we had before been told that Atchison intended to make some big bond issues, this is good news. The Rock Island people furiously deny that the line will go into the hands of a receiver, but they admit that they are not doing well. No one should hold Rocks. Erie has had a splendid year, and even poor Wabash has not done badly. There is some talk of Southern re-arranging all their bonded indebtedness under a blanket mortgage, but I don't suppose it will come to anything.

RUBBER.—The wonderful Central Selling Agency having practically collapsed, the latest idea is a shareholders' association which is to keep the price of rubber firm, restrain over-production, and enforce one uniform quality. All of which is very pretty indeed if the said association could enforce its mandates. But it can't. No! the end appears inevitable. All the companies that are not able to produce rubber at 1s. or 1s. 3d. per lb. will go into liquidation, and their trees will go wild in the jungle and be tapped by industrious Chinamen. More companies will survive than the above statement would appear to include, for dozens are to-day managed in a most extravagant manner, and could cut down working costs 6d. to 8d. a lb. if they chose.

OIL.—The Shell people have given their shareholders a handsome bonus in the new offer of preference and ordinary. But the price is dull because the dealers think that some insiders have sold short, and that is why the new shares carry a dividend, and thus rank at least a month earlier than if they had been issued in the ordinary way. I think that the dealers are wrong, and that the 1s. put on to the price for dividend is done because Royal Dutch are the largest holders of Shell, and require bearer shares which will be good delivery as soon as they are fully paid. Mexican Eagle has struck oil in a new field. North Caucasians still bound up, but I advise caution and a sale.

MINES.—The De Beers report is good, but did not affect the market. A rig is on in Diamondfontein. They must be

sold quickly. They now say that Bowman resigned Globe and Phoenix because he had sold his shares. Apparently the directors have come home prepared to bless the mine and its managers. The Chartered Company now deny that they have any land scheme in view; the whole mining market is dead, and no one cares a rap.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Birmingham Small Arms report is not very encouraging. More money is needed, evidently for the Daimler business. In spite of all the efforts of the promoters the bondholders in Cuban Ports appear determined to make a separate committee. It is really the only chance they have to recover their money. Our Foreign Office will not help them. That is frankly impossible. Washington will not help, and they must do their own work their own way. The market in public utility bonds is dead—the public had had a severe lesson and lost much money. Brazil Tractions look very weak, and Georgia Lights, one of the Leach group, have also been offered.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

PROPERTY INSURANCE CO., LTD.

The report of the fourteenth Ordinary General meeting of the Property Insurance Co., Ltd., makes good reading. The increase in the income of the Fire Department alone is £14,418 15s. 7d. over that of 1911, while the earnings of the General Insurance Department shows an increase of £14,121 8s. 9d. These incomes are in harmony with the general progressive tendency the company has shown throughout its career. No doubt the excellent chairmanship of Mr. T. Hurst Hodgson—an experienced insurance expert—and the ability of Mr. Daniel McGlinchy as secretary, have had much to do with the company's success.

Having regard to the depression which prevails on the Stock Exchange and in financial circles generally, and that most companies have had their funds sadly depleted and great losses to face, the "Property" must be congratulated on its accomplishments.

It is satisfactory to note from the chairman's speech at the annual meeting last April the increases in every department of the company's business, and although brisk business has been done with foreign countries it is particularly gratifying to know that the increase in revenue is almost entirely derived from home business.

The Property Insurance Co. is a concern which warrants support, and we have every confidence in its profit-earning capacity.

CORRESPONDENCE

ARE THE PLANTS SENSITIVE?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Before replying to my critic, Dr. James Ritchie, I hope I may be allowed a few words of personal explanation. My articles in THE ACADEMY fall into two categories, one dealing with real scientific subjects about more or less solved problems, and the other of a lighter character—"Variétés," as the French call them—explaining in a popular manner yet unsolved problems or even unproven theories put forward by daring but still distinguished thinkers. In this case I have to give not only their conclusions, but also the methods by which they arrive at them. I do not necessarily endorse either their conclusions or their arguments. For instance, I hope, later, with your permission, to treat, amongst other problems of latter-day astronomy, of the fascinating one on the habitability of the planets, and in doing so, I

shall have to render justice to the position of the greatest of living naturalists, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, although I personally believe it to be largely mixed with error.

With regard to the problem of the sensitiveness of plants, your readers have only to turn to my article to see that I put forward no hypotheses myself. I merely outline those of others, especially Saint-Leger's and Strindberg's, and whether their arguments be naive or otherwise, they are theirs not mine, and besides they are interesting even when with no great scientific value. The theory, however, can claim a favourable hearing from the moment that the fundamental difference, formerly believed to exist between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, has broken down. Allow me to quote Sir Ray Lankester in his admirable book, "The Kingdom of Man": "The discovery of the continuity of the protoplasm through the walls of the vegetable cells by means of connecting canals and threads is one of the most startling facts discovered in connection with plant-structure, since it was held twenty years ago that a fundamental distinction between animal and vegetable structure consisted in the boxing-up or encasement of each vegetable cell-unit in a case of cellulose, whereas animal cells were not so imprisoned, but freely communicated with one another. It is perhaps on this account the less surprising that lately *something like sense-organs have been discovered on the roots, stems, and leaves of plants.*" (The italics are mine.)

Strindberg deduces from certain words of Haeckel that the latter scientist suggests that certain plants *may* proceed from animals. He does not say that they do. In fact, he largely rests his case on what is already recognised by Dr. Ritchie, viz., that "the protista from which animals and multicellular plants proceed include those elemental single-celled forms which *are neither distinctively plants nor animal.*" (Again the italics are mine.)

Strindberg never spoke of fully developed or adult insects degenerating into grubs. He merely quoted the case of an insect without using any descriptive adjectives. Moreover, I quoted Strindberg's position that the mouth of the insect becomes converted into an organ of suction corresponding to the root of a plant. What has that to do with the "step" taken by my critic to make me say that the root has an actual mouth? He adds that the "root of ascidians is no more a root in the plant sense than an anchor is the root of a ship." This is again an attack on a straw man. What I said was: "According to the great Scandinavian thinker, the ascidia formerly was simply a vertebrate which, tired of the struggle, developed a kind of root."

On the subject of the octopus, it is well known that in the aquarium of Arcachon, in the South of France, there used to be some of these animals and they were publicly fed on large scallops and crabs. They were holding these for about three-quarters of an hour, and, after absorbing all the liquid and soft parts, left always the shell practically unfractured. Although this suggests absorption by sucking, I am ready to confess that in a general sense the description "sucks its victim" is not technically correct. But, at the same time, I must point to another very unkind attack on a straw man. Where have I said that it does this with its suckers? I am perfectly convinced that everyone—except perhaps that straw man—knows quite well that such suckers are simply used as a means of securing a powerful grip, strong enough sometimes to render the victim motionless, inasmuch as in some species the suckers are provided with toothed rings, and cases are not uncommon of persons who have been seized while bathing or diving,

and have made their escape with no little difficulty. This is just what happened in the instance I quoted of the dog of the explorer Mr. Dunstan when seized by the vegetable land-octopus.

F. T. DEL MARMOL.

Higham Park, N.E.

ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, LONDON, 1914.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Will you grant me space to express how fully I share the general regret that, as I understand, Great Britain is not to participate officially in the "Panama" Exhibition at San Francisco. The Government's refusal to participate will undoubtedly cast a shadow over the Centenary celebrations of Anglo-American Peace which are to be held with great rejoicings next year on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is, of course, true that all Governments acting in the interest of the community are in duty bound to endeavour to restrict our growing expenditure, but on the other hand Anglo-Saxon amity and trade have a value far in excess of any sum required for British representation; a sum which in the light of our vastly increasing trade is a mere bagatelle. I am convinced that the majority of the people of the United Kingdom favour an appropriation for this purpose, so I earnestly hope that his Majesty's Government may yet see their way thus to gratify our kinsmen of the Great Republic.

But should the event unhappily prove that the Government consider insuperable reasons to exist to prevent this desirable consummation, then, will you give me leave to say, rather than that those facilities to intending exhibitors which a Government can best extend should be entirely lacking, the Committee of the Anglo-American Exposition to be held at the "White City" in London in 1914 is ready to step into the breach, and with its extensive and complete organisation to undertake the part which abroad, and notably in France, is so admirably performed by Permanent Committees for Exhibitions, the part of organising and managing the British Section of the "Panama" Exhibition in San Francisco in 1915. I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

KINTORE,

Chairman, Executive Committee,
Anglo-American Exposition.

Inglismaldie, Laurencekirk.

"OLD-FASHIONED MUSIC."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I had no idea that my humble protest would have provoked such a dialectical display from your critic—for whom, by the way, I have the greatest respect. Really, it was unnecessary. Of course he is quite right in all he says; and I also have the consoling approval of my own conscience. Therefore I am right, he is right, and all is right as right can be.

Yet so prone is human nature to vain disputation that when I first read his letter I felt my sub-conscious self fairly bristling at me with counter-arguments and retorts courteous. Indeed, if your critic and I were "old-fashioned" enough (in the mediæval sense), I have no doubt whatever but that we could "retort and counter-retort" each other into a dreadful state of purple bellicosity, just by the simple process of straining at each other's meanings.

I regret the necessity, but must still maintain that the

qualifying term "old-fashioned," as used and abused by itself, is not a legitimate weapon in the armoury of musical criticism; it is not lucent, it explains nothing definitely, unless one explains first just what meaning is attributed to it.

We musicians are all too prone to toss this, and similar loosely-constructed terms about, forgetting, in our fiery zeal for "the true and the beautiful," that what we utter in one sense is generally interpreted in an inimical sense.

Hence these words; and much needless trespassing on your valuable space, for which I apologise. I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

JOHN BRIANT.

Highgate, October 6.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Is Ulster Right?* By an Irishman. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Dangers of Democracy. By the late Thomas Mackay. (John Murray. 6s. net.)
A Tarpaulin Muster. By John Masefield. (Grant Richards, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Discovery of the Future. By H. G. Wells. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)
The Malady of the Ideal; Obermann, Maurice de Guérin, and Amiel. By Van Wyck Brooks. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. net.)
The Tour of a Socialist Round the World. By Walter Wolston Moodie. (A. C. Fifield. 5s.)
The Art of Silhouette. By Desmond Coke. Illustrated. (Martin Secker. 10s. 6d. net.)
St. Francis of Assisi. A Play in Five Acts by J. A. Peladan. Translated and Adapted by Harold John Massingham. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Happy Testament. By Charles Loundsberry. Illustrated by Rachel Marshall. (Chatto and Windus. 1s. net.)
Monologues. By Richard Middleton. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)
The Shadow. A Play by Eden Phillpotts. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Camp Fire Yarns of the Lost Legion.* By Col. G. Hamilton-Browne ("Maori Browne"). (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)
Pierre Garat, Singer and Exquisite, His Life and His World (1762-1823). By Bernard Miall. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
Japan's Inheritance: The Country, Its People, and Their Destiny. By E. Bruce Mitford, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
The Life of Henry Labouchere. By Algar Labouchere Thorold. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 18s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Deutsche Rundschau; English Review; Contemporary Review; School World; University Correspondent; Book Monthly; The Antiquary; Mercure de France; Bookseller; Harper's Magazine; Publishers' Circular; The Bibelot; Revue Critique; La Revue; Literary Digest; Empire Review; Cambridge University Reporter; The Author; Revue Bleue; Bulletin of the Metropolitan School of Art.